To Wm Vardon Esq
by the Author
London 19th December 1840

ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙΓΜΑΤΑ
ῬΩΜΑΙΚΗΣ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗΣ.

SPECIMENS

OF

ROMAIC LYRIC POETRY:

WITH

A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A CONCISE TREATISE ON MUSIC.

By PAUL MARIA LEOPOLD JOSS.

"That servile part, thou nobly do'st decline,
Of tracing word by word and line by line,
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry but pains.
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words."

Sir John Denham.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

FREDERICK, EARL OF GUILFORD,

BARON GUILFORD,

KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF ST. MICHAEL

AND ST. GEORGE,

HIGH STEWARD OF BANBURY,

FIRST CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE IONIAN

ISLANDS, D.C.L., F.R.S., ETC., ETC., ETC.

THE FOLLOWING

SPECIMENS OF ROMAIC POETRY, &c.

ARE WITH HIS LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION

MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE:

CONTAINING

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC.

THE eyes of Europe are turned upon Greece;—Greece, unnoticed for centuries, has fixed at present the attention of the civilized world; and, venerable even in her most abject state, cannot but fill the minds of a philosophic observer with melancholy reflections. What will be *our* fate if such has been *hers?*

"Stat sua cuique dies."—*Virgil.*

In all languages poetry has preceded prose. Homer in Greece, Dante in Italy, and Spenser in England, may be alleged in support of the above observation: and we may venture therefore to assert, that no person can obtain a perfect knowledge of the modern Greek, now forming itself into a *regular* language, without perusing the Romaic poetry, which as yet consists principally of national Songs. As the Greeks generally accompany their dances with singing, the greatest part of their songs are adapted to dancing. We trust, therefore, that a collection of them, exhibiting the *actual* state of Grecian poetry, music, and dancing, cannot but prove interesting to the public at large.

The national and popular Songs of the Greeks are of three distinct classes: they are either Anacreontic, Patriotic, or Kleftic (that is Brigand), songs.

The Anacreontic songs are written in a language rivaling its parent for strength of expression and sweetness of sound, and have occasional bursts of such an infantile *naïveté*, that it is not possible to withhold a smile on contrasting them with our manners and mode of thinking: while the Patriotic songs, which since the commencement of the struggle of the Greeks for independence have appeared amongst them, and which have been partly composed in Riga's time, the period of the first revolution, partake so much of the heroic fire of their ancestors, and have so strong a tincture of religious enthusiasm and national feeling, that we are persuaded no apology will be required for offering a collection of both to the public. If the wrath of Achilles warmed the imagination of Homer, Homer's rhapsodies may have inspired many an Achilles. The Kleftic or Brigand Songs are entirely original, of a national growth, and therefore require some explanation.

In various parts of Greece lives a race of men known under the name of Kleftis (robbers), who have always maintained their independence, and have never been entirely conquered by the Turks.

Mr. Koraï speaks of them in the following terms:

"Far from justifying their robberies, I pity those who are the cause of them; but I must do the Kleftis justice to say, that they certainly would not think of molesting others, and using those violent means which sully the fame of their valour, were they not in continual danger of losing what they prefer to life itself—their freedom."—The reader may therefore judge what he has to expect from Kleftic poetry.

What has been said of the great effect produced by the popular songs of Switzerland,—which *must* be the case with all national poetry and music,—holds equally good in this instance.

Whoever has had an opportunity of hearing these pathetic songs performed by Greeks in the presence of Greeks, and of observing the enthusiasm each single note excites, will I am convinced no longer doubt what is reported to have been effected by the war-songs of Tyrtæus, or the chorus of the Eumenides on the Athenian stage. We read in the Classics, with a degree of astonishment often verging on scepticism, of the wonderful effect produced by music among the ancients: and since Polyhymnia has lost her magic power amongst us, we are naturally disposed to consider their account as the pleasing fictions of the poets; or if we admit them to be true, we must confess that their music, of which we have no remains, must have far surpassed every modern production. On the other hand, when we consider our many powerful auxiliaries in music which were unknown to the ancients,—such as the superiority of our instruments; our advanced knowledge in mathematics, and consequently in the science of harmony; our more perfect mode of perpetuating our musical ideas, an invention of no remoter date than the eleventh century,—we are led to suppose that the superiority in music must lie on the side of the moderns. Simplicity was the characteristic of ancient music. Plato in his Republic directs that *every one* should be instructed in music. In ancient Greece not only the poets, but even the hoary sage, the hardy warrior, and the busy statesman were *excellent* musical performers; which is a striking evidence of

the simplicity of ancient music; since in our times it requires the whole life of an individual to arrive at any moderate degree of perfection in that art. The nature and size of the ancient stage will furnish additional strength to the above axiom.

The ancients treated every thing in the fine arts on a grand scale. All they exhibited in architecture, statuary, music, and even their tragedies, were (if I may be allowed the use of such an expression) *fresco* paintings, leaving it to us to excel in miniatures.

We have no remains of the ancient music; but as the liturgy of the Catholic church was regulated by St. Gregory in the seventh century, at a period when the ancient public theatres were still open, it might be expected (although the taste in the fine arts was then already verging on barbarism) that the old church music would give us *some* idea of music in general amongst the ancients.

There exists only one obstacle to the experiment: that is, it may be apprehended that our vocal performers could not accomplish the execution.

The singers among the ancients were obliged, both from the size and nature of the ancient stage, and from the simplicity of their music, to acquire a clear and strong voice, and to study principally the art of swelling and decreasing it.

The great aim of *our* vocal performers is to obtain a velocity or pliability of voice, which indeed astonishes, but leaves us cold unimpassioned admirers.

The following very simple reason will account for this want of effect. Any performance in which a pliability of voice

is principally required, presupposes a series of notes following each other in *quick* succession. But as the greatest part of musical expression depends on swelling and decreasing the voice, and on uniting and melting imperceptibly one note into another, expression diminishes as velocity increases.

The singers in the Pope's chapel at Rome are strictly bound to refrain from all modern ornaments, and to approximate their performance to the principles of the old school.

The connoisseurs who have heard the *Miserere of Palestrina* performed at Rome (but at Rome only), cease not to speak of its great effect. See only with what raptures the classical Madame de Stael remembers the performance.

Phænomena of so singular a nature have led me into a train of ideas on the subject of music, a field on which criticism has not thrown as yet a sufficient philosophical light.

I shall submit to my readers some speculative ideas on music in general, which may serve as materials for future investigation.

The great aim both of poetry and music is to excite our passions: but the former can only speak to the heart, through the medium of the head; for we must first understand what the poet says, ere we can feel with him. Hence it is the interest of the poet, instead of speaking in the abstract, or making use of vague expressions, to personify and individualize as much as possible, in order to bring the various divergent rays of the particular passion he wishes to excite, into one focus, and to fix them on one circumstance or individual.

On the contrary, music in its purity speaks directly to the heart, without the medium of language, and excites in us general passions; or (if I may be allowed so to express myself), a feeling in the abstract, which is *not* fixed on any individual, or limited by given circumstances.

On hearing a beautiful Sonata, we feel our passions roused according to its tenour; that is, we perceive in ourselves a general capability or disposition to feel, without being under the necessity of applying it to any circumstance or person, or (to speak in the terms of the schools) we have then the *form* of our feeling without the *matter*.

Music when accompanying poetry excites in us a feeling of a double nature. While the former grants the particular passion, it excites all possible latitude, and allows us to soar over the boundless space of *undefined* feeling;—the latter, by connecting the same with some particular circumstance or object, concentrates our passions, and draws us gently back to our terrestrial globe.

Our passion is then generalized and individualized at the same time; and this dubious state, the twilight of the mind, is the source of the inexpressible delight we feel on such occasions. It was singing, or the combined power of poetry and music, which produced those wonderful effects we read of in antiquity.

The human mind is not capable of giving itself up for any length of time to any feeling whatsoever, taken in its most abstract sense. Our nature is such, that we cannot feel long without thinking; that is to say, we cannot long support any

feeling without uniting it with some correspondent thoughts, and without reflecting on the effect it produces upon us.

Whoever listens to a beautiful piece of *instrumental* music, which excites our passions in the abstract, will observe, that he is not capable of supporting for any period the feeling roused in him, without at the time connecting the same with some particular circumstance or correspondent idea.

From the above observations we may draw the following conclusions. It is in the very nature of music to generalize our passions: hence every thing ought to be avoided which can possibly tend to fix our feelings on any particular object.

Descriptive music therefore, such as battles, &c.—a fault into which even the great Haydn has been sometimes betrayed,—may be placed in a parallel with didactic poetry. They are both *destitute* of the essentials of the art. In vocal music, where the generalizing effect is already counterbalanced by the poetry, both melody and harmony ought to be of the most simple nature; for all complication requires an effort of the mind, and that effort destroys feeling. Instrumental music which expands our passions is of so vague a nature, that something is required to compensate this disadvantage. Complication both of harmony and melody find *here* their proper sphere.

Vocal music *alone* can become popular. In songs, both the feelings and the thoughts are excited; nothing remains optional with us, and we have nothing to do but to give ourselves passively up in order to enjoy them. For the very same reason it will be easily perceived that instrumental music can never become popular to the same degree.

It requires knowledge to understand and to relish a complication of sounds: and although instrumental music in its effect leaves us no option with regard to feeling, yet we are invariably obliged to use an exertion of the mind, in order to connect with it some reflections or correspondent ideas; and we know that thinking is too great an effort for mankind generally.

A song is simple, when the execution of it does not require a greater extent of voice than an octave and a half; when the melody or the succession of sound consists of short distances of the gamut; and lastly, when it neither contains violent changes of keys nor metre.

That these rules admit of exceptions on extraordinary occasions cannot be denied. Whoever, for instance, has heard Haydn's *Creation*, will admire the abrupt and violent change of keys in that beautiful passage which so forcibly marks the sudden change from darkness to light.

Language precedes grammar, and poetry criticism. We have music; we feel its effect; but between cause and effect there remains a something which has hitherto baffled all inquiry.

We feel that a song written in 4* is majestic, in 2* gay, in 2b soft, in 4b melancholy, and so on; though the character of some keys seems to me not to be as yet ascertained, but of a dubious nature. Nobody, however, has as yet explained why a change of keys produces a change of passion. I cannot but condemn on this occasion the silly practice of transposing music from one key into another, merely for the convenience of the performers, at the expense of common sense and musical ef-

fect. Every one must be shocked to hear a love-song, written originally in 3♭, performed in 2♯.

Another great point which remains still to be investigated, is an analysis of the effect produced by the different intervals of the gamut. This would be a study of the greatest consequence, and might be cultivated by a critical observation on the inflection of the human voice and its various modifications, such as are prompted by nature at the moment we are agitated by our different passions:

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere."—*Horace.*

The use of the correct inflection of voice in the common intercourse of life is exceedingly difficult. An accurate study of recitative, which is certainly one of the most difficult forms of composition, appears to me the best method of investigating the subject.

We have abandoned the recitative in our operas, from the mistaken idea that it is not natural to adapt singing to commonplace expressions, such as "Bring me a glass of water," "Shut the door," &c. But the following observations will easily show how erroneous such a notion is. In an opera where the recitative is used, we have only *once* to suppose that we are in a world where people never speak but always sing, and every thing then will appear quite natural. But in operas where singing and speaking are alternately employed, the mind is obliged to use a continual effort, (as there is no reason assigned why people speak one instant and sing the next,) in transporting itself *repeatedly* from the real world into an

ideal one,—an exertion which is evidently pernicious to the effect both of music and poetry. In our operas we are frequently obliged for fifteen or twenty times in one evening to believe and to disbelieve the very same thing. Nothing but habit induces us to put up with such an incongruity.

The recitative may be traced at least as far back as the Grecian stage. Aristotle divides music into *μουσικὴν ψυλὴν, καὶ κατὰ μελῳδίας.*

The former was used as a simple *Cantilena*, with which, on the Grecian stage, the iambic verse was recited, accompanied by a single pipe, for the *mere* object of distinguishing the metre, which precisely corresponds with our recitative,—at least with what it ought to be.

The latter, *μουσικὴ κατὰ μελῳδίας* was made use of in the strophe, antistrophe and epode, answering to our airs.

Gluck, Mozart, and Spontini (in his opera called "la Vestale") have sufficiently proved the effect of a well-managed recitative.

Ere I take leave of the present subject, I beg to introduce to my readers a composer, who seems to be very little known out of Germany. Mr. Weigel has shown most admirably in his operas "The Family of Switzerland" and "The Orphan Hospital," what can be effected by the most simple music.

Now a few words on the following sheets.—

As they contain a collection of the Romaïc *popular* songs, I have not attempted to make any orthographical or grammatical corrections in the original text, but offer it to my readers such as I found it.

Thus for instance, the burden of the third Patriotic Song is ζήτω ἡ ἐλευθερία instead of ζήτω τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, an error not unusual amongst the Greeks; for it has been elsewhere observed that the use of the nominative in lieu of the accusative is quite an habitual mistake amongst the inhabitants of Smyrna.

No. II. of the Amatory Songs has been partly translated by Lord Byron, and is to be found in his minor poems, beginning with the words:

"Ah love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt," &c.

The Greeks pretend the dance named Thesaïco to be the genuine dance of Theseus. Without entering into a discussion on so delicate a point, or on the nature of Greek dances in general (reserving them as a subject of future investigation), I beg to transcribe the following passage from Langhorne's Plutarch.

"Theseus in his return from Crete put in at Delos, and having sacrificed to Apollo and dedicated a statue of Venus which he received from Ariadne, joined with the young men in a dance which the Delians are said to practise at this day. It consists in an imitation of the mazes and outlets of the labyrinth, and with various involutions and evolutions is performed in regular time. This kind of dance, as Dicæarchus informs us, is called by the Delians the Crane. He danced it round the altar Keraton, which was built entirely of the left-side horns of beasts. He is also said to have instituted games

in Delos, when he began the custom of giving a palm to the victors."—*The Life of Theseus.*

"Callimachus informs us, the Crane was a circular dance, and probably called so because cranes commonly fly in the figure of a circle. Before the time of Theseus, Eustathius says, men and women always danced in separate parties; and this prince first united the separate parties in that amusement, upon rescuing his young companions from the labyrinth."—*Comm. on* Il. xviii.

"This dance after a lapse of three thousand years still exists in Greece under the name of 'the Candiot.'"

See an account of it in M. Guy's *Hist. Lit. de la Grèce*, let. xiii. And a plate in Leroy, *Ruines de plus beaux Monumens de la Grèce.*

Note.—The author has been obliged to omit some specimens of music, which he had intended to publish in this collection, on account of the additional expense of printing them.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥ'ΔΙΑ 'ΕΡΩΤΙΚΑ'.

AMATORY SONGS.

ΠΑΡΑΔΕΙ'ΓΜΑΤΑ

'ΡΩΜΑΪΚΗ͂Σ ΠΟΙΗΤΙΚΗ͂Σ.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥ'ΔΙΑ 'ΕΡΩΤΙΚΑ'.

Α'.

'ΑΓΑ'ΠΑ με 'σὰν σ' ἀγαπῶ,
Θέλε με 'σὰν σὲ θέλω,
Γιατ' ἔχει ν' ἄλθη ἕνας καιρὸς
Νὰ θὲς, καὶ νὰ μὴ θέλω.

'Αγάπα με γιὰ τὸν θεὸ,
Κάμε γιὰ τὴν ψυχή σου,
Καὶ μὴν μ' ἀφήσῃς νὰ χαθῶ
Κι' εἶν' ἐντροπὴ δική σου.

SPECIMENS

OF

ROMAIC POETRY.

AMATORY SONGS.

I.

WHEN I say Yes, Ah! say not Nay—
With love requite a lover,
Lest I in turn thy scorn repay,
Ere many a day be over.

O love me, thou; for Pity's sake
Love's pains to soothe endeavour;
For if my faithful heart should break,
Thine be the blame for ever.

'Οϊμὲ καί πόσον σ' ἀγαπῶ,
Καὶ δὲν στὸ φανερόνω,
"Αν σ' ἄλλον ἔχεις τὸν σκοπὸ
'Εγὼ τόνε σκοτόνω.

'Εμίσεψε καὶ μ' ἄφισε,
Μ' ἕνα γιαλὶ φαρμάκι,
Νὰ γεύωμαι καὶ νὰ δειπνῶ
"Ωϛε νὰ πᾳ̃ καὶ ν' ἄλθῃ.

'Εσὺ τὸ ξεύρεις μάτια μου
Πῶς σέ μόν' ἀγαπάω,
Κι' ἄλλον θεὸν ὥσαν ἐσὲ
'Εγὼ δὲν προσκυνάω.

Κι' ἄν θέλῃς νὰ μὴν μ' ἀγαπᾳ̃ς
Πέϛο τῶν ὀμματιῶν σου,
Νὰ μὴν μὲ σαϊτεύουνε
"Οταν περνῶ ἀπ' ἐμπρός σου.

The heart is warm, and words are cold,
Love pines with secret anguish,
By heaven he dies !—the rival bold
Who dares for thee to languish.

Woe's me! thou goest and I remain,
Remain a prey to sorrow ;
Love's poison'd cup though now I drain,
Yet Love may smile tomorrow.

My sweetest soul, whom I adore,
Think not Love's lays are idle;
On high I'll seek My heaven no more,
Thou art my heaven, my idol!

Can I not melt that ice-cold heart,
With my warm tears and sighs?
Then cease to yield Love's piercing dart,
Nor kill me with thine eyes.

Β'.

ΑΓΑ'ΠΗ δὲν ἐϛάθη
Ποτὲ χωρὶς καϋμοὺς,
Μὲ βάσσανα μὲ πάθη,
Καὶ μ' ἀναϛεναγμόυς.

Βραδιάζει, ξημερόνει,
Δὲν εἶναι βολετὸ
Νὰ μὴν ἀναϛενάξω
Καὶ νὰ μὴν πικραθῶ.

Γνωρίζω ὅτι εἶμαι
Κοντὰ γιὰ νὰ χαθῶ,
Φίλον πιϛὸν δὲν ἔχω
Τὸν πόνον μου νὰ εἰπῶ.

Δὲν τ' ὅλπιζα νὰ εἶναι
Τόσον φαρμακερὰ
Τοῦ ἔρωτος τὰ πάθη
Καὶ τόσον θλιβερά.

II.

Alas! where is the lover
Who loves without a sigh?
Tears anguish will discover,
And dim the languid eye.

Behold the stars of heaven;
Whilst even wretches sleep,
My heart by grief is riven,
My weary eyelids weep.

Conscious that love dissolves
My spirit's mortal ties,
To none my grief devolves,
No friend beneath the skies!

Defying in my madness
The shafts of Cupid's bow,
I sigh in tears of sadness,
I feel their magic now.

'Ελεύθερα πουλάκια
Μὴ 'μπῆτε 'ς τὸ κλουβὶ,
'Σ τοῦ ἔρωτος τὰ δίχτια
Κ' εἰς τὴν ἐπιβουλή.

Ζητεῖ γιὰ ν' ἀφανίζῃ
Νὰ καίῃ ταῖς καρδιαῖς,
'Ο ἔρωτας ὁ ψεύτης
Μὲ ταῖς ἐπιβουλαῖς.

Ἦμουν ἕνα πουλάκι
Χωρὶς συλλογισμοὺς,
Σὲ ζεύκια μαθημένο
Καὶ ὄχι σὲ καϋμούς.

Θαῤῥόντας ν' ἀπολαύσω
Καλλίτερην χαρὰ
'Μπερδεύθηκα 'ς τὰ πάθη
Καὶ κλαίγω θλιβερά.

'Ιὸς ἀνθρώπου εἶμαι
Καὶ μὴ μὲ τυραννεῖς,
Γιατὶ θὰ ἔρθ' ἡ ὥρα
Νὰ μὲ ἐνθυμηθῇς.

Expand thy airy pinion,
Of love's gilt cage beware ;
Fly distant, feather'd minion,
Nor tempt the pleasing snare.

For love is but beguiling
Thy true and simple heart,
The truant, blandly smiling,
On thee essays his art.

Gay moments free from sorrow
I pass'd, a careless boy,
Ne'er thinking on the morrow,
If but today gave joy.

Hoping for sweet caresses,
I ventured in love's sphere,
Grief now my heart oppresses,—
My only joy 's a tear.

I'm cradled on love's billow,
Oh, tyrannize me not!
Sleepless on thy lone pillow,
Thou 'lt yet lament thy lot.

Καϋμὸν μεγάλον ἔχω
Τινὸς νὰ τὸν εἰπῶ;
'Ποῦ μ' ἔχουν πληγομένον
Δυὼ μάτια π' ἀγαπῶ.

Λοιπὸν ἐγὼ θαῤῥοῦσα
Πῶς ἔχω νὰ χαρῶ,
Καὶ τώρα τὶ θὰ γένω
Θαυμάζω κι' ἀπορῶ.

Μέσα 'ς τὰ δάση φῶς μου
Ἄσπλαγχνα νὰ χαθῶ
Γιὰ τ' ὄνομά σου μόνον
'Εκεῖ νὰ θυσιασθῶ.

Νύχτα καὶ ἡμέρα φῶς μου
'Εσένα λαχταρῶ,
'Απὸ τὸν νοῦν μου βγαίνω
Ὥρα, νὰ μὴ σὲ ἰδῶ.

Ξεχωρισμὸν ἀγάπης
'Ερωτικὸ πουλὶ,
Δὲν τ' ὄλπιζα σὲ σένα
Νὰ ἰδῶ μεταβολή.

Keen is my bosom's anguish :—
  To whom my tale impart?
  For two bright eyes I languish,
  Which struck me to the heart.

Long doting on my ruin,
  And sueing bliss from thee,
  I am myself undoing,—
  What will become of me?

'Midst woodland wilds some morning
  Thou 'lt hear thy lover dies,
  Then know, 'tis to thy scorning
  He falls a sacrifice.

Nay there is rapture in it,
  Thy form alone to see!
  If but for one brief minute,—
  I live not, but in thee.

O'er meadows birds are ranging,
  Flowers deck the gay parterre,
  But oh! to see thee changing,
  It grieves,—a thing so fair!

Ὅλος ὁ κόσμος μ' ἔχει
Τέλεια γιὰ τρελὸν,
Καὶ ὅλοι μ' ὀνομάζουν
Μὲ λέγουν πελελόν.

Πέρδικα 'ποῦ 'σαι φῶς μου,
Ἄφες με νὰ σὲ ἰδῶ,
Μὴν κρύβεσαι σ' τὰ δάση
Γιὰ νὰ σὲ κυνηγῶ.

Ῥόδ' εἶσαι πλουμισμένη
Καὶ θάνατον θᾶ ἰδῇς
Ἐλεμοσύνη κάμε
Καὶ μὴ μὲ τυραννεῖς.

Σαϊτεμένον μ' ἔχεις
Πληγιαῖς δὲν φαίνονται,
Ἰατρὸς καὶ δὲν εὑρέθη
Νὰ ειπῇ: ἰατρεύονται.

Τὰ μάτια σου μοῦ δείχνουν
Νὰ λάβω ὑπομονὴ
Ἀλλ' ἐγὼ δὲν τοὺς πιστεύω
Γιατὶ εἶσαι δολυρή.

Plunged 'midst a gloom of sadness,
My passion nought can cool;
The world must call it madness,
And me a doting fool.

Quit thy retreat,—thy lover
With sight of thee be blest,
My Partridge! [A] else a rover,
I'll seek thy hallow'd nest.

Rosebud! though now so pretty,
Death is each beauty's lot;
My charmer show some pity,
Oh! tyrannize me not.

Such wounds beyond discerning,
Thine eye darts through the veil,
No sage's art or learning
Such wounds could ever heal.

Thine eyes make sweet professions,
And soothe with hope my heart;
Yet doubt I those confessions,
False smiling child of art!

'Υκούω ἀνάμεσόν μου
  Πῶς δὲν 'μπορῶ νὰ ζῶ,
  Πῶς βρίσκομαι σ' τὸν κόσμον
  Γιὰ νὰ τυραννισθῶ.

Φῶς μου παρηγοριά μου
  Λυπήσου καὶ ἐμὲ,
  'Αλλὰ γιὰ πάντα ῥόδα
  Μὴν ἀπελπίζῃς με.

Χαϊμένος εἶμαι, πάγω
  Νὰ σώσω τὴν ζωὴν
  Ζωὴν ἀπελπισμένην
  Καὶ καθαρὰν ψυχήν.

Ψυχή μου ἀγαπημένη
  Μὴν ἀπελπίζῃς με
  "Οτ ὁ κόσμος εἶναι ῥόδα
  Καὶ θέλει σμίξομαι.

'Ωραία μου σ' ὀρκίζω
  Σ' ὅλην μου τὴν ζωὴν,
  Νὰ μὴν σ' ἀπαραιτήσω
  Μὰ ν' είμαστε μαζύ.

Undone by thee, fair scoffer,—
 (A voice speaks in my breast,)
 Thou soon shalt cease to suffer,
 Thy heart shall be at rest.

Veil not thy face with rigour,
 Smile on a lover's trance;
 And through that cruel visor
 Beam forth a hopeful glance.

Woe's me! my sweetest treasure,
 With life I soon shall part;
 Death wrests from me no pleasure,—
 From thee, a faithful heart.

Youth's joyful dreams were driven,
 Away at thy rebuke;
 On earth I sought my heaven,—
 The sunshine of thy look.

Zeal still thy form shall cherish,
 My love shall time defy;
 I'll follow thee or perish,
 With thee I live or die.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥ'ΔΙΑ ΚΛΕ'ΦΤΙΚΑ.

BRIGAND SONGS.

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ΤΟΥ͂ ΚΩ'ΣΤΑ.

"ΜΙΑ' κόρη ἐκαυχήθηκε,
"Τὸν Χάρον δὲν φοβᾶται,
"Γιάτ' ἔχει ἐννέα ἀδελφοὺς,
"Τὸν Κωςαντίνο γιὰ ἄνδρα,
"Πὄχει τὰ σπητια τὰ πολλὰ,
"Τὰ τέσσαρα παλάτια."
Κι' ὁ Χάρος ἔγινε πουλὶ,
Σὰν μαῦρο χελιδόνι,
Κι' ἐπῆγε κι' ἐσαΐτεψε,
Τὴν κόρ' ἀρβωνιασμένη.
Κι' ἡ μάννα τις τήν ἔκλαιε,
Καὶ ἡ μάννα τις τήν κλάιει.

BRIGAND SONGS.

KOSTA.

"I FEAR thee not, pale Charon,
"Hear, maid, the vaunting word!
"I have nine valiant brothers—
"Is Kosta not my lord?
"He has four stately houses,
"And many a homely hearth."
In shape a black-plumed swallow
Charon ascends on earth,
Launches his deadly arrow,
The bride for ever sleeps.
Then wept the loving mother,
The tender mother weeps.

"Χάρε κακὸ ποῦ μοὔκαμεθ,
"Στὴν μιάν μου θυγατέρα
"Στὴν μιάν μου καὶ μοναχὴν,
"Καὶ τὴν καλὴν μου κόρη."
Μὰ νὰ καὶ ὁ Κώϛας πρόβαλεν,
'Από ψυλὰ λαγκάδα
Μὲ τετρακόσιους νοματοὺς,
Μ' ἐξῆντα δυὸ παιγνήδια.
"Ζώνεται τώρα τὴν χαρὰ,
"Ζώνεται τὰ παιγνίδια."
Κι' ἕνας ϛαυρὸς ἐπρόβαλε,
'Εις τίς πεδερὰς τὴν πόρταν.
"Ἡ πεθερὰ μ' ἀπέθανε,
"Ἡ πεθερὸς μ' πεθάνει
"Κάνεῖς ἀπ' τοὺς κουνιάτους μου
"Θὰ νᾆναι λαβωμένος."
Κλοτζιὰ βαρεῖ τοῦ μαύρουτου,
"Εις τὴν ἐγκλεσιὰ πηγαίνει,
Βρίσκει τὸν πρωτονμάϛορι,
'Ποῦ φτιάνει τὸ μνημοῦρι.
"Τιέ μου νὰ ζῇς, βρὲ μάϛορι,
"Γιὰ ποῖον 'ναι τὸ μνημοῦρι;"
"Εἶναι τῆς κόρης, τῆς ξανθῆς,
"Ξανθῆς καὶ μαυρομμάτας,

" Thou hast betray'd me, Charon,
" Betray'd my darling child,
" My only one, my daughter,
" My love,—so sweet, so mild."
From yonder hill who 's coming?
'T is Kosta comes to woo;
With him four hundred horsemen,
And minstrels sixty-two.
" Now strike your lyre, minstrel,
" With festal joy let 's glow."
What means before the portal
That Cross—the sign of woe?—
" Expired my bridal mother,
" Expired my bridal lord,
" Or is my bridal brother
" Fallen by gun or sword?"
Towards the church he hasten'd,
His steed the spur he gave,
And there he found the spadesmen
Unearthing a cold grave.
" Long may'st thou live! Say, delver,
" For whom this grave,—who died?"
" For her, the plighted virgin,
" Of flaxen hair, black-eyed;

"Πὄχει τοὺς νέα ἀδελφοὺς,
"Τὸν Κωςαντίνο γιὰ ἄνδρα,
"Πὄχει τὰ 'σπήτια τὰ πολλὰ,
"Τὰ τέσσαρα παλάτια."
"Παρακαλῶσε μάςορε,
"Νὰ φτιάσῃς τὸ μνημοῦρι,
"'Λίγο μακρὶ, λίγο πλατὶ,
"Ὅσο γιὰ δυὸ 'νομάτους."
Χρυσὸ μαχαίρι ἐπέταξε,
Καὶ σφάζει τὴν καρδιάν του,
Τοὺς δυὸ μαζὺ ἐθάψανε,
Μέσα εἰς τὸ μνημοῦρι.

" For her who has nine brothers,
" And Kosta for her lord,
" Who has four stately houses,
" And many a homely board."
" O make, I pray thee, delver,
" The mansion you prepare,
" Longer some palm and broader,
" That two may slumber there."
He drew a gilded dagger,
The dagger pierced his breast;—
They are enshrined together,
In the same tomb they rest.

ΜΙ'ΜΗΣΙΣ 'ΕΚ ΤΟΥ͂ ΤΙΡΤΑΙ'ΟΥ.

Ε'ΩΣ πότε ξαπλωμένος; πότ' ἀνδρεῖος θὰ φανεῖτε;
Τοὺς λοιποὺς συναδελφούς σας, νέοι πότε θὰ 'ντραπῆτε;
'Οκνηρὸς γιάτ' εἶσθε τόσον, σὰν νὰ ζούσετε 'ς εἰρήνην;
Ὅταν ὅλ' ἡ γῆ τὸ αἷμα τῶν 'Ελλήνων καταπίνῃ.
Τὸ σπαθὶ καδεῖς ἂς ζῶσῃ, τὸν ἐχθρόν του ἂς ἀντικρύσῃ,
'Στοῦ θανάτου του τὴν ὥραν, καὶ 'ς αὐτὴν ἂς πιςολίσῃ.
Δόξα καὶ χαρὰ 'ς ἐκεῖνον, 'ποῦ ξεγράφει τὴν ζωήν του;
Γιὰ τὴν νιά του τὴν γυναῖκα, γιὰ τὰ τέκνα, γιὰ τὴν γήν του!—
'Ο καθείς μας ν' ἀποθάνει, τὄχει ἡ μοῖρατου γραμμένον,
Ἂς πεθάνῃ πλὴν σὰν ἄνδρας μὲ σπαθὶ ξεγυμνωμένον.
Νὰ γλυτώσωμ' ἀπ' τοῦ Χάρου δὲν εἶν' τρόπος τὸ δρεπάνι,
Γιάτ' αὐτὸ καὶ 'ς τὸ παλάτι, καὶ καλύβι ἐξίσου φθάνει.
Αν τὸν κρότον τῶν ἁρμάτων καὶ τὸν πόλεμον ἀφήσῃς,
Κ' ὅλος ἥσυχος ἂν μείνῃς, τάχ' ἀθάνατος θὰ ζήσῃς;
Μήτ' ἀγάπην, μήτε σέβας, εἰς τὸν κόσμον θὰ ἐμπνεύσεις,
Νεκρὸν 'λίγος θὰ σὲ κλαύσουν, ὅλος πλὴν ἂν κυνδυνεύσῃς.

IMITATION FROM TYRTÆUS.

Still clinging to your couch? Rise, prove the man,
Prove yourself worthy of your brother-clan :—
Why callous grown, as if in times of peace,
While Terra drinks in draughts the blood of Greece?
Gird on your scimitar, and meet your foes;
Hurl death, e'en in the hour of your life's close!
Glory awaits him who devotes his life;
Glory awaits his children, his young wife.
Since fate ordains " Man be a prey to death,"
Let's sword in hand at least resign our breath!
See Charon :—In his right the scythe of fate,
He bursts alike the hut, the palace-gate.
Think'st thou by fleeing from the camp of gore,
To save thyself from Pluto's sable shore?
Link'd to no virtue—tearless is thy urn,
It is but o'er the brave the brave shall mourn :
When death, a hero's death, shall close his eyes,
Whom, living, they extoll beyond the skies.

Τὸν ἀτρόμαχτον τὸν ἄνδρα, πονοῦν ὅλος καὶ δαξάζουν,
'Σὰν πεθάνει, καὶ 'ς τὰ ἀςέρα ὅσον ζῇ, τὸν ἀνεβάζουν.
Ὁ καθένας βλεποντάστον, θαῤῥεῖ, πύργον βλέπει ὀμπρός του,
Ἂν χιλίους εἰς τὴν μάχην βλέπ', ἀξίζει μοναχός του.
Τὶ τιμὴ 'ς τὸ παληκάρι, ὅταν πρῶτο 'ς τὴ φωτιὰ
Ἀποθάνη γιὰ πατρίδα, μὲ τὸ ξίφος 'ς τὴ δεξιὰ!—
Πῶς νὰ βλέπ' ἀπ' τοῦ πατρός του νὰ τὸν διώχνουν τῇ γοννιᾷ;
Τοὺς ἱδρότας του νὰ τρώγουν; καὶ νὰ ζῇ μὲ διακονιᾷ;
Μὲ γοννιὸ νὰ παραδέρνῃ, μὲ γυνναῖκα του τὴν νεὰ,
Μὲ γερόντισσά του μάννα, καὶ μ' ἀνήλικα παιδιὰ;
Κι' ἀπ' τὴν ςέρησιν καὶ φτώχιαν, ὅπου πάγει, ὅπου ςαθῇ,
Νὰ γνωρίζ' ὅτ' εἶναι 'ς ὅλους ἡ θωριάτου μισητή.
Νὰ 'ντροπιάζῃ τὴν γωνιάτου, νὰ 'ντροπιάζετο αὐτὸς,
Καὶ ποτὲ νὰ μὴ τοῦ λείπῃ ἀπ' τὰ χείλη ὁ ςεναγμός.
Ὅποσον 'δῇ σὲ τέτοια πάθη, ὁ καθεὶς καταφρονᾷ.
Μήτ' ἀφ οὗ 'ς τὸν τάφον πέσῃ, τ' ὀνομάτου μελετᾷ.
Εἰς τὴν μάχην ἂς χυθοῦμεν, ὅλος μ' ἄφοβον καρδίαν,
Ἂς πεθάνῃ γιὰ τῆς γῆσμας ὁ καθεὶς τὴν 'λευθεριάν.
Σ' τὴ φωτιὰ! μὴ 'ντροπιασθῆτε, σὰν φυγάδες, σὰν δειλοὶ!—
Λιονταρόκαρδον τὸ ςῆθος καθενός μας, ἂς φανῇ.

He 's foremost in the ranks—fresh hope all feel,
And thousands breathe their last beneath his steel.
What honour with the sword in hand to fall,
The champion of your country's sacred call!
Hard task! obliged his father-land to quit,
The harvest of his toil—forced to submit
To penury—bear to a foreign state
An exiled self, his sire, his dame, his mate,
His infants, who in homely accents prate:
His converse shunn'd by all—driven by care,
Where'er he lives, to direful despair:
Disgraced himself, his clan;—his agony
The lip reveals, which cannot curb the sigh;
Despised he lives, upbraided by the past:
Entomb'd, to dark oblivion he is cast!
Plunge 'midst the fight, to fear estrange your breast,
Die all, or raise your country's fallen crest!
On Palicaris, on; a linked band,
The Grecian name no cowardice shall brand!
Let lion's rage flash forth from every eye,
Each bosom meet its foe, and death defy!
Dare you forsake the sick, the old, and flee?
Their hands are wither'd, reeling is each knee.

Τοὺς ἐχθρούς σας πολεμᾶτε, μὴ φοβᾶστε τὴν ζωή!—
Μὴν ἀφήσετε φευγάτοι, τὰ σεβάσμια γερατειὰ,
Πὄχουν ἀχαμνὰ τὰ χέρια, καὶ τὰ γόνατα βαρειά.
'Εντροπήσας, ἐντροπήσας, ἀποπίσω 'νᾶναι ὁ Νιὸς,
Κι' ὁ ἀδύνατος ὁ γέρος, νὰ πεθαίνῃ ἐμπροσθινὸς;
Πὄχει κάτασπρα τὰ γένεια, πὄχει κάτασπρα μαλλὶ,
Καὶ τὴν ἄφοβην ψυχήν του εἰς τὰ χώματα νὰ φτῇ.
Εἰς τὸν νειὸν ἡ μάχη πρέπει, τὸ κορμί του ὅσαν ἀνθεῖ,
Πρὶν τὸ γῆρας τὸ μαράνει, τοὺς κινδύνους νὰ 'ντυθῇ.
Εἰς τοὺς ἄνδρας, 'ς ταῖς γυναῖκες ὅσο ζῇ νᾶι ποθετὸς,
Καὶ 'ς τὴν μάχ' ἂν πέσῃ πρῶτος, εἶν καὶ τότ' ὀμορφονιός.
Ἂς ῥιχθῇ 'μπροστὰ 'π τὸ γέρο, κι' ἄσειτος ἂς στυλωθῇ,
Καὶ τὰ χείλιατ' ἂς δαγκάσῃ, μὲ τὸ αἷμ' ἄθ χυλιοθῇ.

Shame! and shall our youth inglorious lurk behind,
While in the van the veteran seeks to find
A welcome waste of life?—a silvery dye
His beard and tresses wear; his sparkling eye
Speaks life's contempt, his soul is stern and high.
While youth's fresh flower is blooming, let us brave,
Ere droop'd by age, the perils of the grave.
While life yet smiles, let man, let maid admire,
And battle-slain, then blaze Fame's beacon-fire.
The feeble shield, their Ægis be your core,
Bite in your lips, and swelter in the gore!

Ὁ ΌΛΥΜΠΟΣ.

Ὁ Ὄλυμπος κι' ὁ Κίσσαβὸς, τὰ δυὸ βουνὰ μαλλόνουν,
Γυρίζει τότ' ὁ Ὄλυμπος καὶ λέγει τοῦ Κισσάβου·
Μὴ μὲ μαλλόνεις Κίσσαβε, βρὲ τουρκοπατημένε,
Ἐγὼ μ' ὁ γέρων Ὄλυμπος σ' τὸν κόσμον ξακουσμένος,
Πὄχω 'σαράντα δυὸ κορφαῖς, καὶ δυὸ χιλιάδες βρύσσαις.
Κι' ἐπάνω σ' τὴν κορφούλα μου, κι' ἐπάνω σ' τὴν κορφή μου
Χρυσὸς ἀετὸς ἐπέταγε, χρυσὸς ἀετὸς ἐπέτα,
Βαςοῦσε καὶ 'ς τὰ νύχια του κεφάλ' ἀνδρειωμένο
Κεφάλιμου τὸ τ' ἔκαμες, κ' εἶσαι κριματισμένο;
Τὸ πῶς ἄχ! ἐκατήντησες 'ς τὰ νύχια τὰ δικάμου;
Φάγε πουλί, τὰ νεάτα μου, φάγε καὶ τὴν ἀνδριά μου
Νὰ κάμῃς πήχη τὰ φτερὰ, καὶ πιθαμὴ τὸ νύχι·
Σ' τὸν Λοῦρο, 'ς τὸ ξερόμερο ἁρματωλὸς ἐςάθην,
Σ' τὰ χάσια καὶ 'ς τὸν Ὄλυμπον δώδεκα χρόνους κλέφτης.
Ἐξῆντ' Ἀγάδες σκότωσα, κι' ἔκαυσα τὰ χωριάτων,
Καὶ ὅσους 'ς τὸν τόπον ἄφησα καὶ Τούρκους καὶ Ἀλβανίταις
Εἶναι πολλί, πουλάκι μου, καὶ μετρημὸν δὲν ἔχουν
Πλὴν ἦλθε καὶ ἡ ἀράδα μου, 'ς τὸν πόλεμον νὰ πέσῳ.

OLYMPUS.

Are Kissabos and old Olymp a-jar?
Olympus wages thus the wordy war:
Say Moslem, trampled slave, what dar'st thou claim?
I am Olympus old, of wide-spread fame;
Forty-two crowns I count, and from my side
Pour forth two thousand springs their silver tide;
High on my rocky brow an eagle bred,
And there his golden wings expanding spread,
Grasping between his claws a warrior's head.
Tell me, thou head, so valiant and so fair,
Why destined thus to be my humble fare?
(Thus spoke the glutton, feasting in his lair)
Feast on, my young ones, feast on, my age's strength,
Till wings and claws grow yet some palms in length:
On Luro's hill I ran my course of sin,
Twelve years a brigand on Olymp—The din
Of groaning victims moved me ne'er to pity;
Sixty Agas I kill'd, and fired their city:
Of Albanese I 've slain,—who counts their dead?
Or numbers now each cloven Turkish head?
The Sister Fates a longer life denied,
My hour was come—in battle's heart I died!

ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΕΥΤΗ'Σ.

ΠΡΑΓΜΑΤΕΥΤΗ'Σ κατέβαινεν ἀπὸ τὰ κοροβούνια,
Σέρνει μουλάρια δώδεκα, καὶ μούλαις δεκαπέντε.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Καὶ κλέφταις τὸν ἀπαντήσαν καταμεσῆς τὸν δρόμον,
Καὶ πιάσαν τὰ μουλάριά του γιὰ νὰ τὰ ξεφορτόσουν,
Νὰ ἰδοῦνε μὴ ἔχει σιρμαγὲ κρυμμένον εἰς τὰ σακκιά του.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Κι' αὐτὸς τοὺς παρακάλεσε, νὰ μὴ τὸ ξεφορτόνουν,
"Γιὰ μὴ τὰ ξεφορτόνετε τὰ ἔρημα μουλάρια.
"Τὶ σάπηκαν τὰ ϛήθια μου, φορτῶντα ξεφορτῶντα."
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Καὶ ὁ Καπιτάνος θύμωσε, ϛέκεται καὶ τοῦ λέγει·
"Βρὲ 'δὲς τοῦ σκύλλου τὸν υἱὸ, τῆς κούρβας τὸ κοπέλι,
"Δὲν κλάιγει τὴ ζωΐτζατου, μὸν κλάιγει τὰ μουλάρια."
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Βρὲ ποῦ 'ϛε παληκάρια μου, φωνάζει ἱ' Καπιτάνιος,
Γιὰ βάρτετον μιὰ μαχεριὰ, 'ς τὸν τόπον ν' ἀπομένῃ.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Κι' αὐτοὶ τὸν ἐλυπήθηκαν, ὅτ' ἦτον ἀνδρωμένος,
Καὶ ὁ Καπιτάνιος χώθηκε 'σαν ἄγριο λεοντάγι

THE TRADER.

Who passes lonely o'er the mountain chain ?
The trading wanderer in quest of gain.
Alas, he wanders lone!
And brigands stop his mules, in midway course,
Ransacking all his merchant-pile, his purse,
In eager search to find the coined gold.
Alas, he wanders lone !
His looks implored what thus his accents told :
" Unburthen not my mules, oh grant us rest!
" My shoulders yet the heavy load attest."
Alas, he wanders lone!
The brigand chieftain then his wrath express'd :
" He begs not life for self, the muleteer,
" The dog! but kindness to his mules more dear."
Alas, he wanders lone !
Come Palicaris, come (the captain cries);
Cleave him, slay him ; pale death shall seal his eyes.
Alas, he wanders lone !
They linger. Pity checks the enterprize :
The cruel chief, enraged with savage pride,

Καὶ βγάλει τὸ μαχαίρι του καὶ 'ς τὰ πλευρὰ τὸν πέρνει.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Κι' αὐτὸς βαρειὰ 'ναςέναξεν, κι' ὅσο 'μπορεῖ φωνάζει:
Ποῦ 'σαι κύρι μου νὰ μὲ ἰδῇς, μάννα μου νὰ μὲ κλαύσῃς!
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Καὶ πόθεν εἶν ἡ μάννα σοὺ, γραφὴ γιὰ νὰ τῆς γράψω;
'Πτὴν ῎Αρτα εἶν ἡ μάννα μου, 'πτὴν Κρήτην ὁ πατήρ μου,
Κι' εἶχ' ἀδελφὸν προτήτερον, κι' αὐτὸς ἐξέβγεν κλέφτης.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Καὶ ὁ καπιτάνιος τρόμαξεν, 'ς ταῖς ἀγκαλλαῖς τὸν πέρνει
Σταῖς ἀγκολαῖς τὸν ἔπερνε, καὶ 'στοὺς ἰατροὺς τὸν πιάνει.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
'Εσεῖς πολλοὺς ἰατρέψατε σφαγμένους καὶ κομμένους,
'Ιατρέψετε καὶ αὐτὸν τὸν νειὸν, αὐτὸς εἶν ἀδελφός μου.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
῾Ημεῖς πολλοὺς ἰατρέψαμεν σφαγμένους καὶ κομμένους
Σὰν τὴ δικήσου μαχαιριὰ κανἕναι δὲν ἰατρεύει.
Λαί μὸν καὶ μοναχός!
Κι' αὐτὸς τὸν παρακάλεσε νὰ πάρῃ τὰ μουλάρια:
Γιὰ πάρε τὰ μουλάρια μας, καὶ σύρτα 'ς τὸν κυρίμας.
Καὶ πῶς νὰ εἰπῶ τὸν κύροιν μου καὶ τὴν πικρὴ τὴν μάννα
Τὸν ἀδελφόν μου ἔσφαξα, καὶ 'πῆρα τὰ μουλάρια.
Λαὶ μὸν καὶ μοναχός!

Himself thrusts deep the steel into his side.
  Alas, he wanders lone!
Fainting, he cries, gasping his fleeting breath,
"Oh father, mother dear, bewail my death!"
  Alas, he wanders lone!
"Where live thy parents? say,—we'll send them word."
"From Arta is my dame, from Crete my lord,
"My elder brother sways the brigand sword."
  Alas, he wanders lone!
Aghast, the chieftain press'd him to his heart,
Urging the healing sage to prove his art.
  Alas, he wanders lone!
"You who have heal'd the wounds of many a knife,"
"He is my younger brother,—save his life."
  Alas, he wanders lone!
"True, I have heal'd the wounds of many a knife,
"But wounds like these defy returning life."
  Alas, he wanders lone!
Now death-like paleness blanch'd his languid cheek.
"Prepare the mules, our father's dwelling seek,—
"Dare I confess to him, and to my mother,
"I stopp'd the mules, 'twas I who kill'd my brother?"
  Alas, he wanders lone!

Ο ΔΗΜΟΣ,

ΠΟΙΗΜΑ ΚΛΕΦΤΙΚΟΝ

ΣΠΥΡΙΔΩΝΟΣ ΤΡΙΚΟΥΠΗ,

ΤΟΥ ΕΚ ΜΕΣΟΛΟΓΓΙΟΥ ΤΗΣ ΑΙΤΩΛΙΑΣ.

Πόσον γλυκὸς ὁ θάνατος ὅποιον γεννᾷ τὸ βόλι!
Τὸν θάνατον 'ς τὸν πόλεμον θρίαμβον λέγουν ὅλοι.

[Ἡ Σκηνὴ εἰς τὸ Μεσολόγγι.]

ΤΙ' νἆν ὁ ποδοβολιτὸς, τὰ κούφια τὰ Τουφέκια;
Τί νἆναι τὰ κραυγάσματα τ' ἀνδρίκεια, τὰ γυναίκεια;
Δὲν εἶναι παγγυριώτικα, δὲν πέφτουν 'ς τὸ Σημάδι·
'Ανοιοῦν ἡ κούφιαις Τουφεκιαὶς, μοῦ φαίνεται, τὸν Ἅδη.
Αὐτἆπε τὸ στοχαστικὸν στόμα τοῦ Γερογιάννη,
Κἰ εὐθὺς τὸ χέρι 'ς τὸ Σπαθὶ καὶ 'ς ταῖς πιςόλαις βάνει.
Νὰ, παῤῥησιάζεται 'ς αὐτὸν πλῆθος κατηφιασμένον.
'Επὶ Σανίδος Νιὸν θωρεῖ ἀπ' ὅλους κυκλωμένον.
Βλέπει πῶς εἶν' ὁ Δῆμος του 'ς τὸ αἷμα του πνιμένος,
Ζητεῖ νὰ μάθ' ἂν ἦν' νεκρὸς ἢ μόνον πληγωμένος.

DEEMOS,

A BRIGAND TALE

By SPIRIDION TRIKUPI,

OF MISSOLONGI IN ÆTOLIA.

How sweet is death by powder, shot and ball!
The warrior's death we should a triumph call.

[The Scene is at Missolongi.]

" Of steps the sound, of guns the deadly knell,
" Of men or women, whence that piercing yell?
" These hollow guns not on the target play,
" A sacred festal's freak;—no, 'tis a fray;
" They send a foe to Tartarus a prey."
With accents shrewd thus Gerogiani said,
And quick his hands on sword and pistols laid.
Suddenly he descries a mournful crowd,
Who stretch'd upon a bench a youngster shroud,
Wounded or dead, from whence the purple flood,
Now Deemos spies;—drown'd in his ebbing blood,

Ξεσκέπαστ' ἡ Παλάσκα του 'μπροσθά τ' ἦτον συρμένη,
Σπαθιοῦ ἡ θήκ' ἀσπάθωτη κείτετο κρεμασμένη,
Καὶ παλληκάρ' ἀπὸ σιμὰ, μὲ δακρυσμένον βλέμμα,
Σπαθὶ βαστοῦσε τ' ὀρφανὸν 'π' ἄχνιζεν ἀπ' τὸ αἷμα.
'Ακόμ' ἡ πληγαῖς χόχλαζαν, κὶ ἀφράταις φουσκαλίδες
Τοῦ αἵματος ταῖς στεριναῖς ἐσκέπαζαν ῥανίδες.
Πλὴν 'ς τοῦ θανάτου τὰ φτερὰ τὰ μαῦρα καθισμένη
Ἔτρεχεν ἡ ψυχὴ νὰ 'μβῇ, φῶς ὅπου δὲν ἐμβαίνει.
Μόνον ἐζοῦσ' ἡ κλέφτικη τόλμη 'ς τὸ πρόσωπόν του·
Ὁ Γερογιάννης γνώρισε τὸν ἀπορφανισμόν του.
Δὲν ὁμιλεῖ· τὸ σῶμά του πήγαινε ψηλαφῶντας,
Ἂν ἐσκοτώθη φεύγωντας νὰ μάθ' ἢ κυνηγῶντας.
Δυὸ βόλια βρίσκει 'ς τὰ μηριὰ, καὶ δυὸ βαθυὰ 'ς τὰ στήθη,
Πῶς ἐπληγώθη διώχνωντας εὐθὺς παρηγορήθη.
Ἡ σκυθρωπή του φάνηκεν ὄψις γαληνοτέρα,
Ὡσὰν τὸ Τόξ' ὅταν φανῇ σὲ νεφελῶδ' αἰθέρα.
Εἰς τ' ἄπνουν τότε τὸ κορμὶ τοῦ υἱοῦ ὁ πατέρας πέφτει,
Καὶ κλαίωντάς τον ὡς νεκρὸν, θαυμάζ' ὡς ἄξιον κλέφτη.
Πάλιν καὶ πάλιν τὸν φιλεῖ, πάλιν ταῖς πληγαῖς πιάνει,
Καὶ μὲ τὰ χέρι' ἀπ' ταῖς πληγαῖς ζεστὰ τὰ βόλια βγάνει,
Μὲ χαρᾶς δάκρυα τῶν βολιῶν βρέχει θερμὰ τὰ ἴχνη,
Καὶ μὲ τὰ χέρια τρέμοντα τὰ βόλια 'ς ὅλους δείχνει.
Πολλ' ὥραν ἔμειν' ἄφωνος· νὰ διδαχθῇ γυρεύει,
Ὅτε συνῆλθε, ποῦ, καὶ πῶς ὁ θάνατος συνέβη.

Uncover'd, drawn in front, his cartridge case;
His sabre's sheath without its blade of blaze:
Nigh him in tears a Pallicari stood,
With sword in hand still sweltering with blood.
The yet fresh reeking wounds still overflow,
They foam, and high the frothy bubbles throw;
On death's black wings his soul had bent its flight,
Ne'er more the clay to brighten with her light.
Sole on his face the brigand-mind yet shone;
Well Giani knew that he had lost his son.
Silent he *felt* the dead,—intent on seeing
If he were kill'd pursuing or while fleeing;
And when in thigh and breast four balls he found,—
How he rejoiced to find in front each wound!
Then clear'd his desolate face a ray, to view
Like on the clouds the arch of heavenly hue.
The sire bent o'er the breathless boy, his bosom,
The dead bewailing, brigand's fairest blossom!
He kiss'd and kiss'd him, touch'd anew the dead,
And drawing from the wounds the reeking lead,
(While burning tears of pleasure bathe the sore,)
He show'd with trembling hands the balls—all gore.
Accents his lips refuse: in silent pride,
At length he questions when and how he died.

Εἶχεν ὁ Δῆμος ψυχουιὸν μαζί τ' ἀναθρεμμένον.
Ἦτον ὁ Νιὸς ποῦ βάσθαζε Σπαθὶ τὸ 'ματωμένον.
Γεῶργος αὐτὸς εἶχ' ὄνομα· 'ς ὅλα τὰ μυστικά του
Τὸ χέρι τοὖχε βοηθὸν, κρυψῶνα τὴν καρδιά του.
Τοῦ λέγ' ὁ Γιάννης· Γεώργω μου 'κάθησαι καὶ, μολόγα
Καταλεπτῶς τί ἔγεινε, καὶ σβῦσέ μου τὴν φλόγα.
Καὶ σεῖς, 'δικοὶ καὶ φίλοι μου, καθῆσθ' ἀφοκρασθῆτε.
Ὁ Γεῶργος συγκατάνευσεν, ἀρχίζει νὰ διηγῆται.
Τὰ 'ρνίθια 'σὰν ἐλάλησαν, σηκώθηκεν ὁ Ὑιός σου.
Γεώργω μου, λέγει, ξύπνησε καὶ τ' ἅρματά σου ζῶσου.
Ξέρεις, πλαγιάζ' αὐτὸς 'νδυτὸς, καὶ 'ς τὸ προσκέφαλόν του
Ἔχει ταῖς δυὸ πιστόλαις του, τὴν σπάθαν 'ς τὸ πλευρόν του.
Εἰς μιὰν στιγμὴν τὰ 'πέρασε, τὸ καπνιστὸν 'ς τὸν ὦμον
Ἐκρέμασε τουφέκι του, κ' εὑρέθηκε 'ς τὸν δρόμον.
Ῥίχνομαι τότε τῆς κοσῆς, τὴν χώραν ὅλην σχίζω,
'Σ τὴν βρύσιν φθάνω τὴν τρανὴν ἐκεῖ τὸν σταματίζω.
Γεώργω, μοῦ λέγ', ἡ Φωτεινὴ ἐδῶθε θὰ περάσει·
Πηγαίνει νὰ λειτουργηθῇ 'ς τὸν Ἅγιον Ἀθανάση.
Τὸν λόγον δὲν ἀπόσωσεν, ἡ Φωτεινὴ διαβαίνει
Ἀπ' τὴν τροφὸν κὶ ἀνέβγαλταις κόραις συνοδευμένη.
'Σ ὅλων τὸ μέσον ἔλαμπε, καθὼς λαμποκοπάει
Τοῦ ἀνδρειωμένου τὸ σπαθὶ 'ς τὴν μάχ' ὅταν χυμάῃ.

With Deemos grew a foster child,—'tis he
Who nigh him now with naked sword you see,—
Call'd George. He shared his deeds, ne'er lived apart;
Their secrets' close recess, his faithful heart.
Giani to him: "Sit down, my George, proclaim,
"Detail what happen'd, soothe my bosom's flame.
"Ye too, sit down; listen, my friends and kin,
"Let George complying now his tale begin."
"The sheep with morning bleat, our Deemos woke.
'Get up, my George, and gird thy sword,' he spoke.
The sabre at his side (for arm'd he sleeps),
The pistols pair'd, beneath his head he keeps;
Which taking in a trice Deemos arose,
Seizing his gilded gun, he quickly goes.
Then the whole town I cross'd with eager feet,
To the great fountain came, and there we met.
'My George (he said), here Fótini must pass us,
'To go to mass to Santo Athanasius.'
Quick at the word we Fótini descry,
Her nurse and cloister'd maidens passing by.
'Midst all she shone: so in the combat's ire,
Displays the warrior's sword its sparkling fire.
They reach the church, but quick depart (the dome
Being closed) in search of tender flowers to roam.

῎Εφθασαν εἰς τὴν ᾿Εκκλησιάν· ἐκεῖ ψυχὴ δὲν ἦτον·
᾿Μβῆκαν ἡ κόραις ᾿ς τοὺς ᾿Αγροὺς, ἄνθη ἁπαλὰ ἐζήτων.
῾Η Φωτειν᾿ ὑπὸ τὴν ᾿Ελῃὰν καθήμενη κυλοῦσε
Τὸ γοργὸ νᾶμα τ᾿ Αὐλακιοῦ, τὴν ὄψιν της θωροῦσε.
Νὰ κὶ ὁ παπᾶς· ἡ θύρ᾿ ἀνεῖ· ὀκτὼ δέκα πετιοῦνται·
Φώτω, τροφός, κόραις, παπᾶς, ξάφνω περικυκλοῦνται.
Ἦτον ὁ Γιώτης, τ᾿ ἀκριβὸ παιδὶ τοῦ Κωσταντάρα,
Μ᾿ ἐννιά του συνομίληκας ἀπὸ τὴν ἴδιαν Φάρα.
Πλαλήματα! γραυγαὶ! σκουσμοὶ! ὁ Δῆμος τ᾿ ἀγροικάει
Καθήμενος παράμερα κὶ ὅλος ἀϋλογάει.
Γεώργω . . . φωνάζει . . . ἐπιβουλὴ . . . μᾶς ἔφαγαν . . .
ἡ Φώτω . . .
῞Ωρμησε, κὶ ἡ ἁρματοσιὰ ᾿χολόγησ᾿ ἀπ᾿ τὸν κρότο.
῎Αφαντος ἔγεινε μὲ μιᾶς ἀπ᾿ τὸν πολὺν τὸν τάχον,
Σὰν ὅταν πέφτῃ τὸ νερὸν ᾿ς τὴν λαγκαδιὰ ἀπ᾿ τὸν βράχον.
῾Ο Γιώτης ᾿μπροσθοπάταγε, βάσταγε ᾿ς τὄνα χέρι
Σπαθὶ, μὲ τ᾿ ἄλλο τ᾿ ἔσερνε τοῦ Δήμου μας τὸ τέρι.
Σκωμέναις εἶχον ταῖς φωτιαῖς τ᾿ ἄλλα του παλληκάρια,
Πισώπλατ᾿ ἀραδιάσθησαν τοῦ Γιώτ᾿ ἀνάρι᾿ ἀνάρια·
Πατοῦσαν γοργὸ πάτημα ᾿ς τὰ κλέφτικα ῾λημέρια,
Χωρὶς ν᾿ ἀπλώσουν ᾿ς ἄλλην Νιὰν τ᾿ ἁρπαχτικά τους
χέρια.
῾Ο Δῆμος σὰν ξεκάμπωσε, τὴν προδοσιὰν γνωρίζει,
Χοὺ! χοὺ! φωνάζει μιὰν φωρὰν κ᾿ εἰς τὸν ἐχθρὸν χυμίζει,

Beneath an olive tree, Fóto meanwhile,
See! with the cooling stream her hours beguile,
The waves dividing on her image smile.
The priest arrives,—the door unfolds;—strange sound!
Lo! eight or ten rush forth with hostile bound,
And Fóto, priest, and nurse and maids surround.
'Tis Giotis, Kostantara's only heir,
Nine of his age and clan with him appear.
Deemos sat yonder.—Hark! a scream, wild, clear:
He caught the sound with love's prophetic ear.
'George... Fóto... treachery... all 's lost!' He bounds,
And at each step his armour's clash resounds;
Escaping quick from out our wondering sight,—
So rolls along the cliff the torrent's might.
In front was Giotis, in his right the brand,
While Deemos' bride he dragg'd with his left hand;
Behind, their firelocks cock'd, prone to the fray,
Marshal'd his followers in long array
March with quick steps, their brigand course pursue,
Inviolate remains the virgin-crew.
Deemos approaching, sees the treachery,
Falls on the cruel foe with madd'ning cry;
Hoping at once to sweep the nine away.
On Giotis runs, with his sword's mighty sway:

Σβάρνα νὰ πάρῃ τοὺς ἐννιὰ ὅλους μὲ μιᾶς παντέχει,
Μὲ γυμνωμένον τὸ σπαθὶ ἶσα 'ς τὸν Γιώτην τρέχει.
'Αγροίκησαν οἱ 'πισινοὶ πηλαλητοῦ τὸν ἦχον,
Εἶδον τὸν λιονταρόκαρδον, ποιὸς ἦτον δὲν κατεῖχον.
Τὸν εἶδε, τὸν ἐγνώρισεν ὁ Γιώτης, δὲν σπαράζει,
Εἰς τοὺς ἐννιὰ συντρόφους του βροντόφωνα φωνάζει·
Νά τος τοῦ Γερογιάννη ὁ υἱός... στέκεσθε καὶ τηρᾶτε;
Φωτιά! γιατὶ μᾶς ἔφαγε· φωτιά! τί τὸν φυλᾶτε;
Ἕνας αὐτὸς καὶ δέκα 'μεῖς· τάχα δὲν εἶν' 'ντροπήμας
Τὰ πισιλιά του, τ' ἅρματα νὰ μὴ γενοῦν στολή μας;
Εἶπε καὶ βροντοκραύγασαν τὰ δέκα τὰ τουφέκια,
Φυσομανῶντα πέταξαν 'ς τὸν Δῆμον τὰ φυσέκια·
Ὁ Δῆμος δὲν ἐδείλιασεν, ὡσὰν τ' 'Αγρίμι τρέχει,
Ὁπόταν μὲ τὸ αἷμά του τὴν γῆν τὸ βόλι βρέχῃ·
Δυὸ 'πισινοὺς ἐξάπλωσε μὲ ταῖς βαρυαῖς σπαθιαῖς του·
Καὶ βλέπωντας πῶς τὤλυσαν τὰ γόνατ' ἡ πληγαῖς του,
Στυλώνεται κατάῤῥιζα σὲ πεῦκον κουφωμένον,
Ἁρπάζει τὸ τουφέκι του μὲ χέρι 'ματωμένον.
'Εκεῖ τὸν ἐκατάφθασα· Μποὺ .... μποὺ .... ἡμεῖς .... ἐκεῖνοι ....
Καὶ τὸ τουφέκ' αὐτὸς 'ς τὴν Γῆν, κι αὐτὸν ἡ ψυχ' ἀφίνει.

Ὁ Γεῶργος δὲν ἀπόσωσεν, Γέρωντας βαρὺς 'μβαίνει
'Ακουμβισμένος σὲ ῥαβδὶ, μὲ τὴν σφαγὴν σκυμμένη.

They in the rear now heard of steps the sound,
And saw the lion-hearted stranger bound.
Giotis retreats not,—yet the man he knew,
But calls with thunder-voice upon his crew:
'Lo! Gerogiani's son! Halt! level! fire!—
'Our curse, our plague—Fire! on, let 's vent our ire:
'We 're ten to one,—eternal shame (he cries)
'Should not his arms and vest become our prize!'
He spoke: and thunder-like the ten discharge
Their guns. On Deemos falls the hissing charge.
Undaunted Deemos like a stag now flies,
While with his blood the earth he purple dyes:
They follow him; he with his heavy steel
Kills two; then strength forsook his knees, they reel,
He leans outstretch'd against a hollow trunk,
The gun his hand still grasps, though faint and sunk,—
And thus we met; his hand, lost all controul,
Resigns the gun; to heaven soars his soul."
George hardly ceased.—See, who approaches, spent,
On staff sustain'd, with hoary head deep bent;
His silver hair the open'd breast displays,
Deep dyed by burning Helio's scorching rays;
The hairy cloak exposed the inner side,
The shawl upon his shoulders, slow his stride;

Τὸ στῆθος τ' εἶχ' ὁλάνοικτον, μ' ἄσπρα μαλλιὰ 'νδυμένον,
'Απὸ τὸ φῶς τὸ φλογερὸν τοῦ 'Ηλιοῦ βαθυὰ βαμμένον.
'Ανάποδα μιὰν μαλλιαρὴν φοροῦσ' αὐτὸς Φλοκάτα,
Σερβέταν εἰς τοὺς ὤμους του, κι' ἀγάλια ἀγαλι' ἐπάτα.
'Εβάσταζεν ἡ μέση του κοντάρι καὶ πιστόλα,
Κλέφτην παληὸν τὸν ἔδειχνε τὸ φέρσιμον εἰς ὅλα.
Δένδρον ἀπ' τὰ γηράματα ὥμοιαζε κουφωμένον,
Βαθυὰ 'ποῦ μὲ ταῖς ρίζαις του στὴν γῆ 'ναι στυλωμένον.
Ἦτον ὁ Στέριος ὁ Κοντὸς τῆς Φώτως ὁ πατέρας,
Τρόμαξε τοὺς ἁρματωλοὺς 'ς τὰς ἀνθηράς του ἡμέρας·
Καλῶς τον τὸν Συμπέθερον, λέγει τ' ὁ Γερογιάννης.
Τά 'μαθες;—τά 'μαθα·—λοιπὸν;—'ς τοὺς ζῶντας μὴ
με βάνῃς.
Μὲ βλέπεις πῶς κατάντησα, πάντα τηρῶ τὸ χῶμα,
Γερὴν ἀκούω τὴν καρδιὰν, κι' ἀδύνατον τὸ σῶμα.
Μερόνυχτ' ἔχω σύντροφους τῶν ἀῤῥωστιῶν τοὺς
πόνους,
Ἄξιο δὲν εἶναι τὸ δεξὶ χέρι μου πλιὸ γιὰ φόνους.
Ἔπεσε 'ς τὸ κεφάλι μου τώρα θεϊκὴ κατάρα,
Τὰ γηρατειά μου 'ντρόπιασεν ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ Κωσταντάρα.
Πῶς μὲ λυπεῖ, Συμπέθερε, τὸ χαλεπόν μου γῆρας,
Ποῦ τ' ἅρματά μου τὰ παληὰ μ' ἁρπάζ' ἀπὸ τὰς χεῖρας!
Τὸ θέλημά 'ναι τοῦ Θεοῦ (μεγάλον τ' ὄνομά του)
Νὰ μὴν ἐκδικηθ' ὁ Κοντὸς μὲ χέρια τὰ 'δικά του.

Pistols and knife his girdle deck ; his whole
Deportment marks a veteran brigand's soul.
As to the ground an old and hollow tree,
Clings with its roots distended, so was he,—
Sterios,—Fóto's father, old, gray-headed,
But in his youthful days by warriors dreaded.
" Welcome (Giani to him with burning core)
" Know ye ? I do, and well,—count me no more :
I am decay'd, chill'd is my heart and dim,
My eyes fix'd on the ground, weary each limb.
Withering with lingering sickness night and day,
My right no longer knows the foe to slay.
On me lies Heaven's curse,—vain to bemoan,—
Disgrace on my life's eve has Giotis thrown !
I must the weariness of age abide,
Which wrings from out my arms their strength and pride;
They shall no more avenge their owner's shame,
(The will of God be done ! great is his name).
But no,—the Lord has not abandon'd me,
Since with a kinsman I am bless'd like thee ;
Ah, Giani ! who hast made the matrons mourn,
The death of lion-hearted youths they'd borne,
(On Mitzobó, on Kissobó, their mountain seats,
The honours of their clan, proclaim'd his feats)

Πλὴν ὁ Μεγαλοδύναμος θέλει μὲ 'ξανασάνει,
Συμπέθερον μοῦ χάρισε τὸν ἄξιον Γερογιάννη,
Τὸν Γιάννην ποῦ ὠρφάνευσε ταῖς θλιβεραῖς Μαννάδες
'Απὸ τοὺς λιονταρόκαρδους κὶ ἄξιους παλληκαράδες,
Ποῦ, ὅταν ζοῦσαν, δόξασαν μὲ τὴν λαμπρήν τους Γέννα
Τὸ Μέτζοβον, τὸν Κύσσαβον, βουνὰ τὰ 'ξακουσμένα.
Τὰ χείλη τῶν παλληκαριῶν αὐτὸν συχνὰ φημίζουν,
Ταῖς χώραις τὰ τραγοῦδια του καὶ τὰ χωριὰ γεμίζουν.
Ὁ Γιάννης τὸν ἀπόκοψε, τὰ μάτια του σφογγίζει,
'Σ ὅλους νὰ λέγῃ μὲ φωνὴν φιλέκδικην ἀρχίζει.
Πῶς τὸ μπαροῦτι 'πιθυμῶ τώρα νὰ μοῦ μυρίσῃ,
Κὶ ὁλόχλωμός του ὁ καπνὸς τὴν ὄψιν μου ν' ἀχνίσῃ!
Πόσον ἐπιθυμῶ νὰ ἰδῶ μιὰ σπίθα νὰ πηδήσῃ
'Απ' τὸν τουφεκοπρυόβολον, τὸ βόλι νὰ λαλήσῃ!
Φωτιὰ 'ς ταῖς τέσσαραις γωνιαῖς νὰ βάλω τοῦ χωριοῦ του,
Κὶ ὁ ἴδιος ἐγὼ κόφτωντας τὴν κεφαλὴν τοῦ υἱοῦ του
'Σ τὸν τάφον τ' ἄχαρού μου υἱοῦ χαρούμενος νὰ 'μπήξω,
Τίνος ἐσκότωσε γαμβρὸν καὶ τίνος υἱὸν νὰ δείξω.
Φλόγα πολέμου 'ξάναψαν τὰ λόγια 'ς ὅλους· μόνος
Ὁ Κωσταντῆς ὁ 'μορφονιὸς ἐχθρὸς εἶν' τοῦ ἀγῶνος.
Τζαπράζα κὶ ἅρματα λαμπρὰ πατόκορφα φοροῦσε,
'Σ τοὺς δρόμους ἐκαμάρωνε, τοὺς κάμπους πλὴν μισοῦσε.
Μὲ στόμ' αὐτὸς ἀστόχαστον κὶ ἀδιάντροπον ἀρχίζει
'Σ ἕνα καὶ 'ς ἄλλον ἄνανδρα λόγια νὰ ψιθυρίζῃ.

Their voices oft the Pellicaris raise,
The country round re-echoes with his praise.
  Giani wipes Sterios' eyes, which woe-drops drench,
And soothes his ire, with tongue that speaks revenge:
"Now sulphur's grateful fumes, now to the skies
"Let pallid smoke before my eyelids rise!
"Of warlike guns let my eye see the spark,
"Hear the ball's hissing roar,—our foe the mark;
"His town feeding the flames shall feast our sight,
"While his child's head I sever with my right,
"And fix it upon Deemos' tomb, to prove
"His bridal father's, his own parent's love."
  The flame of war was kindled in each breast,
Save Constantine's the Fair: his lucid vest
And gilded arms flash'd sunny sparks of light,
The hero of the streets,—shunning the fight.
Vile thoughts in viler words from each to each
Were whisper'd round the ring in muttering speech.
Then rage, the whetstone of the tongue, had edged
Stern Sterios' words, who thus his sense alleged.
"A brigand thou? from the mere thought I shrink,—
"Luxurious slave! go handle pen and ink;
"Unhonour'd at thy back the carabine,
"The pistols pair'd that in thy girdle shine,

Ὁ Στέριος τὸν κατάλαβε, κ' ἡ γλῶσσά τ' ἡ γενναία,
Ἀκονισμέν' ἀπ' τὸν θυμὸν, δίστομος εἶν' ῥομφαία.
"Ντροπή σου νὰ 'νομάζεσαι, τοῦ λέγει, παλληκάρι.
Χαρτὶ σοῦ πρέπει νὰ βαστᾷς, χαρτὶ καὶ καλαμάρι.
Ντροπὴ 'ς ταῖς πλάταις σου, ντροπὴ, τουφέκι νὰ σηκώνῃς,
Μὲ δυὸ πιστόλαις καπνισταῖς τὴν μέσην ν' ἁρματώνῃς
Κ' εἰς τὴν ζερβήν σου τὴν μεριὰν τρανὸ σπαθὶ νὰ σέρνῃς
Μὲ χρυσοκέντητα λουριὰ 'ς τὴν ζώνην σου νὰ δένῃς,
Νὰ σειέσαι, νὰ λυγίζεσαι, νὰ φέρνῃς πάντα γύραις,
Καὶ ὅ,τι φθάσῃς νὰ λαλῇς συνήθειαν σὺ τὸ 'πῆρες.
Τὰ φαγοπότια κυνηγᾷς, τὸ μαλακὸ κρεββάτι,
Γιὰ τὴν τιμὴν δὲν γνοιάζεσαι, ταλαίπωρ' ἀκαμάτη!
Κ' ἔπειτ' ἀστόχαστα τολμᾷς κι ἄκριτα λόγι' ἀφίνεις;
Δὲν ξέρεις τῶν παλληκαριῶν τ' αὐτιὰ μ' αὐτὰ μολύνεις,
Ποὔχουν χαρὰν τὸν πόλεμον, ἀνάπαυσιν τὸν κόπον,
Καὶ 'ς τ' ἀνδρειωμένα στήθια τους δὲν ἔχ' ὁ φόβος τόπον;
Νἄχουν στρωμνὴν αὐτὴν τὴν γῆν τὄχουν πολὺ καμάρι,
Γιὰ μαλακὸ προσκέφαλον ἕνα σκληρὸ λιθάρι.
Εἰς τοὺς κινδύνους τῶν ἀνδρῶν δὲν πρέπει σὺ να 'μβαίνῃς.
Σύρε καὶ μάθε νὰ κεντᾷς, νὰ γνέθῃς, νὰ ὑφαίνῃς!
Ναί· ῥόκα μάθε νὰ βαστᾷς καὶ τ' ἅρματα ν' ἀφήσῃς.
Γυναίκειαν σὄδωσε καρδιὰν κι' ἀνδρὸς μορφὴν ἡ φύσις."
'Σ τοῦ Γερο-Στέριου κραύγασαν ὅλ' ἡ Γενιὰ τὰ λόγια.
Ἐκδίκησ', εἶπον, τ' ἄδικα τοῦ Δήμου κράζουν βόλια!

"The sword upon thy left, which death ne'er dealt,
" And the rich bandelier gracing thy belt.
" Strut up and down, display a coxcomb's zeal,
" Let what the moment prompts, thy lips reveal;
" The banquet seek, on wanton cushions roll,
"Thy honour goes for nought, vile coward soul!
" Is nought then to thy prattling tongue a bar?
" Know, Pallicaris' ears thy accents mar,
" To them are strife, and toil, and tumult dear
" Delights,—their warlike bosoms know not fear.
" How oft a rugged soil their resting place,
"With a hard stone their weary head to raise.
" To men the life of toil and glory leave,
" Thee it befits to spin, embroider, weave;
" Let others wear the sword, the distaff hold,
" A woman's heart belies thy manly mould."
These words of Sterios enflame the band:
"The wrongs, the death of Deemos blood demand;
"Let 's charge the foe, (one universal cry,)
" Our hands in his life's purple tide we'll dye."
Each takes the oath, " Should I not carnage spread
"Today, may none my honours sing when dead!"
Sterios embraced them all; Giani forgot,
Amidst the tender scene, his child's hard lot.

Καθεὶς μας εἰς τὸν πόλεμον χαρούμενος θὰ τρέξει,
'Σ τοῦ ἐχθροῦ τὸ αἷμα τοῦ κοινοῦ τὰ χέρια του νὰ βρέξῃ.
Εἶπε, καθεὶς ὡρκίσθηκε, 'ς τὴν μάχ' ἂν δὲν ὁρμήσῃ,
'Αφ' οὗ τὸν φάγ' ἡ Γῆ, κανεὶς νὰ μὴ τὸν τραγουδήσῃ.
'Ο Στέριος ἀναγάλλιασεν, ὁ Γιάννης γύρω τήρα,
Λησμόνησε πῶς ἔχασε τὴν 'παινετήν του κλήρα.
Τὸν τελευταῖον ἀσπασμὸν εἰς τὸν Νεκρὸν νὰ δώσουν
'Σὰν ἦλθ' ἡ ὥρα, κἰ ἡ βαρυαῖς πέτραις νὰ τὸν πλακώσουν,
'Σ τὸ μέσον τῶν παλληκαριῶν Μισόκοποι δυὸ τρέχουν,
Ταῖς Λύραις των κρεμάμεναις κἰ οἱ δυὸ 'ς τὸν ὦμον ἔχουν,
"Ολοι σωπαίνουν· ἄρχισε νὰ τραγουδῇ ὁ πρῶτος,
Κἰ ἀκλούθα τὸ τραγουδί του τοῦ Δοξαριοῦ ὁ κρότος.
"Κλεφτόπουλα! ποῦ ζώνεσθε τ' ἀδούλωτο κοντάρι!
Κλαῦστε τὸν Δῆμον, κλαύσετε τ' ἄξιο μας παλληκάρι!
Τὸν Δῆμον εἰς τὸ τρέξιμον δὲν ἔφθανεν 'Ελάφι,
Τὰ πόδια του δὲν δείλιαζαν Λόγγοι, Λαγκάδια, Τράφοι.
Οἱ στοχασμοί του πάντοτε, τὰ ἔργα του, τὰ λόγια,
Ἦσαν κλεφτῶν παλληκαριαῖς, Σπαθιὰ, μπαρούταις, βόλια.
'Ερώτα τοὺς παλλῃότερους πῶς τὸν ἐχθρὸν νὰ ζώνῃ,
Πότε νὰ πιάνῃ τὸ Δενδρὸ καὶ πότε τὸ κοτρόνι,
Πῶς νὰ 'ξανοίγῃ τὸν βορὸν καὶ πῶς νὰ καταφέρῃ
Νὰ πέφτῃ ξάφνω 'ς τῶν ἐχθρῶν τὴν νύχτα 'τὸ 'λημέρι.
Ἡ Μάννα του δὲν τοὔλεγε ποτέ της παραμύθια.
Τ' ἄναφτε μὲ πολεμικὰ διηγήματα τὰ στήθια

They gave the last embrace, and sigh'd farewell,
Ere o'er the dead the last cold mantle fell.
But see those two who step from out the throng ;
Their shoulders bear the lyre of brigand song.
All pause.—Now o'er the chords the fingers dance,
And these the notes of the first minstrel's trance.

Brigands, whose waist displays the conquering sword,
Deemos bewail, Deemos the brigand lord!
No height to him a bar,—mute fell his feet
On earth, than stag or hound in chase more fleet;
His actions, words, and thoughts in full assent,
Were e'er on arms and brigand glories bent:
Fables to him his mother never told,
But Katzantoni's deeds would oft unfold,
Tzabella's, or some other chief, and feast
With brigand-feats his ears and docile breast.
On Tzumari the young she oft would dwell,
Once Missolongi's pride,—his glories tell,
Who liv'd in caves in the thick forest's maze,
Resting his fame on valour's during base.
See! round his friends the balls destructive shower,
He stands, like on some rock the lofty tower:
The lure of rule itself could ne'er change his mood,
He pass'd his days 'midst haunts of wolfish brood ;

Τ' Ἀνδρούτζου, καὶ τοῦ Ζαχαριᾶ, Τζαβέλλα, Κατζαντώνη,
Μὲ τοὺς ἀγῶνας ἤθελε πάντα νὰ τὸν ἀνδρειόνῃ.
Τὸν υἱὸν' τοὔλεγε Τζούμαρην 'ποῦ κλαίει τὸ Μεσολόγγι·
Ἀφ' οὗ τὸν ἔφαγεν ἡ Γῆ, ἐρήμωσαν οἱ Λόγγοι,
Αὐτὸν 'ποῦ 'ς τὴν ἀσάλευτην τῆς Ἀνδρειᾶς του βάσι
Τὴν φήμην τ' ἔστησ', ἔχωντας στέγην σπηλιαῖς καὶ δάση.
Κἰ ὅταν τοὺς ἄξιους φίλους του κεραύνωνεν ἡ μάχη,
Ἔστεκε μόνος σὰν 'ψηλὸς πύργος 'ς ἔρημην Ῥάχη·
Αὐτὸν 'ποῦ δὲν ἡμέρωσε μήτε τ' ἁρματολῆκι,
Να 'λημεριάζῃ πρόκρινεν ὅπου φωλιάζουν Λύκοι,
Γιατὶ ποτὲ γιὰ 'ξαγορὰν αὐτὸς δὲν πολεμοῦσε,
Γιὰ μόνην τὴν Ἐλευθεριὰν ἁρματωσιὰν φοροῦσε,
Καὶ πάντα δούλων ἔλεγε ταῖς Χώραις ἄξιους τόπους,
Λαγγάδια, Ῥάχαις κἰ Ἐρημιαῖς γιὰ 'λεύθερους ἀνθρώπους.
Κλεφτόπουλα ποῦ ζώνεσθε τ' ἀδούλωτο κοντάρι!
Κλαῦστε τὸν Δῆμον, κλαύσετε τ' ἄξιο μας παλληκάρι!"

Σώπασ' αὐτὸς ὁ Λυριστής· ἡ Λύρ' ἀρχίζ' ἡ ἄλλη
Θανάτου τὴν ἀθάνατην δόξαν κλεφτῶν νὰ ψάλῃ.
"Πόσον γλυκὸς ὁ θάνατος ὅποιον γεννᾷ τὸ βόλι!
Τὸν θάνατον 'ς τὸν πόλεμον θρίαμβον λέγουν ὅλοι.
Γίνονται τῶν ἀγώνων του Σάλπιγγες ἡ πληγαῖς του,
Στολίζουν τά πολεμικὰ χείλ' ἡ παλληκαριαίς του·
Προσκυνητάρια γίνονται οἱ Λόγγοι του καί οἱ τράφοι,
'Σ τὸ αἷμα τὸ μανδίλι του τὸ παλληκάρι βάφει.

For spoil or ransom's gain he never fought,
But freedom's blessings with his sabre sought.
" Towns are for slaves (he cried) who dare not roam,
" The desert woods I hail the freeman's home."—
Brigands, whose waist displays the conquering sword,
Deemos bewail, Deemos the brigand lord!

He ceased.—The other lyre responsive swells,
Thus brigands' death's immortal glory tells.
How sweet is death by powder, shot, and ball!
The warrior's death we should a triumph call.
His wounds like the shrill trumpet call to strife,
While brigand hymns immortalize his life.
A consecrated spot is now his wood,
The brigand dyes the kerchief in his blood.
" With him I liv'd!" with accents bold cries one:
" Me, me he loved!" another sighs with moan:
A third, " To me this lesson gave;—Ask ne'er
" How many are the foes, sole question—where?"
And with such words they all proclaim his praise,
Endeavouring thus their rising fame to raise.
A warrior's death is an eternal mine
Of everlasting glories to his line;
Which on the seraph-wings of Song ascend,
And o'er his fame a heavenly ray distend.

Μ' ΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΓΩ ΣΥΝΕΖΗΣΑ, ἀκοῦς ἐδῶ τὸν ἕνα·
Ἄλλον, ΑΠ' ΟΛΟΥΣ ΠΛΕΙΟΤΕΡΟΝ ΑΓΑΠ' ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΜΕΝΑ.
Ἄλλον, ΑΥΤΟΣ Μ' ΕΔΙΔΑΞΕΝ ΙΣΑ ΝΑ ΣΗΜΑΔΕΥΩ,
ΟΧΙ ΠΟΣ' ΕΙΝΑΙ ΟΙ ΕΧΘΡΟΙ, ΠΛΗΝ ΠΟΥ'ΝΑΙ ΝΑ ΓΥΡΕΥΩ.
Τέτοια καθεὶς μας πάντοτε νὰ λέῃ φιλοτιμιέται,
Ζητῶντας 'ς τοὺς ἐπαίνους του κἰ αὐτὸς νὰ μελετιέται.
Πόσην ἀφίνει 'ς τοὺς γονιοὺς τιμὴν καὶ 'ς τὴν Γενιάν του
Ὅποιος πεθάνῃ, τὸ Σπαθὶ βαστῶντας 'ς τὴν δεξιάν του.
Εἰς τῆς ᾠδῆς τὰ ὁλόχρυσα πτερὰ τοὺς ἀναιβάζει,
Μὲ δόξης τὴν ἀνέσπερην ἀκτίνα τοὺς σκεπάζει.
Βράδυ κἰ αὐγὴ τριαντάφυλλα ἁγνὰ καὶ Δάφναις πέρνουν
Τὰ παλληκάρια κλαίωντας 'ς τὸν τάφον του τὰ σπέρνουν.
Ἄῤῥωστος, λὲν, δὲν σάπηκεν εἰς τ' ἄνανδρον τὸ στρῶμα,
Ἀλλ' ἔβρεξε 'ς τὸν πόλεμον μὲ τὸ αἷμά του τὸ χῶμα.
Κἰ ὅταν ὁ υἱὸς πρὸς τὸν Γονιὸν νὰ πάρ' εὐχὴν πηγαίνῃ,
ΟΜΟΙΟΣ ΜΕ ΚΕΙΟΝ, λέγ' ὁ Γονιὸς, ΟΜΟΙΟΣ ΜΕ ΚΕΙΟΝ ΝΑ ΓΕΝΗ!
Κ' ἡ τιμημέν' ἡ Μάννα του νὰ 'πιθυμᾷ δὲν παύει
Ἀπὸ τὸ τέκνον της τιμὴν τέτοιαν κἰ αυτὴ νὰ λάβῃ.
Πόσον γλυκὸς ὁ θάνατος ὅποιον γεννᾷ τὸ βόλι!
Τὸν θάνατον 'ς τὸν πόλεμον θρίαμβον λέγουν ὅλοι!

Morning and eve, Pallicaris deck his shrine
With a fresh braid,—the rose with laurel twine.
" Not on the couch he sicken'd with decay,
" In purple gush his soul escaped," say they.
When parents grant the son the parting vow,
" Like him (the father says)—like him be thou!"
While " Soon like honour may exalt my name,"
The mother cries, " He be thy guide to fame!"
How sweet is death by powder, shot, and ball!
The warrior's death we should a triumph call!

ΤΡΑΓΟΥ΄ΔΙΑ ΤΟΥ͂ ΓΕ΄ΝΟΥΣ.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

ΤΡΑΓΟΥ'ΔΙΑ ΤΟΥ͂ ΓΕ'ΝΟΥΣ.

Α'.

ΕΙ'ΠΕ'ΤΩ πλέον φανερὰ,
Πατρίς μου τώρα μὲ χαρά:
Ἐλευθερόθεν ἐκ θεοῦ
Βαρβαροτάτου τοῦ ζυγοῦ.
Ἀναλαμβάνω πάλιν
Ἐλευθερίας κάλλη,
Νὰ ζήσω ἐλευθέρως
Καλὰ εἰς κάθε μέρος.
Ἀναλαμβάνω, κ. τ. λ.

Τουρκῶν γὰρ ἐξετίναξα
Δυνάμεις, κι' ἀπεδίωξα
Τόσων χρόνων δουλεῖαν
Μὲ τέκνων μου ἀνδρεῖαν.
Ἤμουν δεδουλομένη,
Καὶ καταπληγωμένη,
Τὸ αἷμμα τῶν πληγῶν μου
Ἔτρεχε πρὸ ποδῶν μου.
Ἤμουν, κ. τ. λ.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

I.

Shout high, ye Greeks, your voices raise,
Sing loud your country's joy and praise:
The Lord stretch'd forth his arm—We shook
The tyrant yoke we could not brook.
Again be Greece the hero's home,
  Shout loud, ye Greeks, rejoice!
And free through hill and valley roam,
  They'll echo Freedom's voice.
    Again, &c.

Greece roused the Moslem's barbarous band,
Since from her Heaven-beloved strand,
Deep-rooted, old-grown Slavery fled,
Full many of her sons have bled.
Though droops her head, the tyrant-slaves
  With nervous arm she crushes;
Her reeling feet a blood-stream laves,
  Which from her bosom gushes.
    Though droops, &c.

Β'.

ά.

ΔΕΥ῀ΤΕ Ἕλληνες γενναῖοι,
Δράμετε προθύμως νέοι
Εἰς τὸν θεῖον Παρνασσόν:
Πατρικὴν κληρονομίαν,
Ἔχοντες τὴν εὐφυΐαν
Καὶ φιλίαν τῶν Μουσσῶν.

Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν
Φῶς ἀναλάβομεν,
Τὸ ζοφερὸν
Τῆς ἀμαθείας
Νὰ φύγῃ 'ς τὸν ἐχθρόν.

β'.

Ἡ Ἑλλὰς ἀνασημένη,
Φίλος ἀπὸ σᾶς προσμένει
Δόξαντης τὴν παλαιάν:
Ἡ σοφία μόνη δίδει
Ὅλα τῶν καλῶν τὰ εἴδη,
Κι' εὐτυχίαν σερεάν.

II.

1.

HASTE on, ye Greeks of noble race,
Parnassus climb with eager pace,
Which heavenly fire infuses;
The mount is yours by law of right,
Here Genius still maintains her might,
Amongst us are the Muses.

We break the spell of night;
Come, Greeks, adore the light!
May the dense cloud
Of ignorance,
Our foe in darkness shroud!

2.

And Greece now risen to new light,
For days, with ancient glory bright,
Relies on you, my brother.
Of all we have of heavenly bliss,
Of all the earthly joy that is,
Thou, Wisdom, art the mother.

γ'.

῏Ω πατρὶς, πατρὶς φιλτάτη!
῾Η ποτὲ κραταιοτάτη
Ἀναμέσον τῶν ἐθνῶν!
Φεῦ . . . . εἰς πόσας δυστυχείας
'Σ ἔῤῥιψε τῆς ἀμαθείας
Σκότος τὸ φθοροποιόν.

δ'.

Ἀλλὰ θάῤῥει! μὴ φοβῆσαι,
Ἐσὺ μήτηρ πάλιν εἶσαι,
Τῶν φιλομαθῶν Γραικῶν.
Ναί . . . πατρὶς γενναιοτάτη,
Ἔπεσ', ἔπεσ' ἡ ἀπάτη,
῏Ηλθε τοῦ φωτὸς αἰών.

έ.

Λύκεια, Βιβλιοθῆκαι,
Τῆς σοφίας ἀποθῆκαι
Ἀνεγείρονται λαμπρῶς.
Ἀθανάτου δόξης ἔρως
Ἄναψεν εἰς κάθε μέρος,
Ζῆλος ἄναψεν σφοδρός.

3.

My country dear, my country sweet,
Thine was the power;—once at thy feet
Was laid each earthly nation!
How fallen from that high estate!
By ignorance, how curs'd thy fate!
A prey to desolation!

4.

Yield not thy soul to fear,—Hope speaks,
Again the wisdom-loving Greeks
From out thy womb shall issue.
Yes, yes,—anew, my noble land,
The golden day beams o'er thy strand,
Piercing night's dark-wrought tissue

5.

Lyceums and the Muses' fane,
The hall where sounds the minstrel strain,
Each ancient place adorning;
Immortal glory's warm desire,
Ambition's zeal, and heavenly fire,
In every breast are burning.

ϛʹ.

Νέοι, χάριν τῆς παιδείας
Ἔυγε, τρέχετε παντοίας
Καὶ θαλλάσσας καὶ ξηράς.
Φιλοτίμως ἀγρυπνεῖτε,
Τὰς τρυφὰς καταπατεῖτε,
Ὅτ' ἀνέςη ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ζʹ.

Συμπολῖται σᾶς καὶ ξένοι
Ὅλοι ἐνθουσιασμένοι
Πανευφήμως σᾶς ὑμνοῦν.
Αἱ σκιαὶ δὲ τῶν προγόνων,
Μετὰ τόσον λύπης χρόνον,
Χαίρουσαι ἀνασκιρτοῦν.

ήʹ.

Ὦ φιλόχορος παρθένοι,
Πῶς τὸ ᾆσμα σᾶς εὐφραίνει,
Καὶ φλογίζει τὴν ψυχήν!
Ἑλληνίδες! ὁμοφώνως
Ψάλλετε καὶ λαμπροφώνως
Τῆς πατρίδος τὴν εὐχήν.

6.

Arise, ye youths! for wisdom's gain,
Come, pass the mount,—come, pass the main,
Each meaner feat despising:
Forsake the banquet tyrants give,—
On nectar feast, for glory live,—
Greece from the dead is rising!

7.

Hark! strangers and your countrymen,—
Enthusiastic all,—again
Sing in loud hymns your praises;
Your parents' long and glorious file
Exults, joy bursts the mouldering pile,
The tomb its tenant raises.

8.

Maids, ardent in the chorus round,
How warms your voices' thrilling sound
With martial glow the nation!
Sing all, implore the highest boon,
To heaven transmit with sweetest tune
Your country's invocation!

θ'.

Ποιὰ Ἑλλὰς μὲ νέα κάλλη
Ἀναφαίνετε μεγάλη
Εἰς τῆς τύχης τὸν ναόν;
Εἶναι ἆῤῥα φαντασία; . . . . .
Ὄχι . . . . βλέπω παῤῥησίᾳ
Νέον κόσμον φωτεινόν.

ί.

Ποντοπόροι νησιῶται,
Μοραΐται, Ἠπειρῶται,
Μακεδόνες καὶ Δελφοὶ,
Θεσσαλοὶ, καὶ Ἀθηναῖοι,
Σπαρτιάται, καὶ Θηβαῖοι,
Ὅλος ζοῦν ὡς ἀδελφοί.

ιά.

Ναοὶ, θέατρα, μουσεῖα,
Στοαὶ, κῆποι, πρυτανεῖα,
Φθάνουν εἰς τοῦς οὐρανούς:
Τὰς αἰσθήσας γοητεύουν,
Τέρπουν, ὠφελοῦν, παιδεύουν,
Κάμνουν ν' ἀπορεῖ ὁ νούς.

9.

And Greece ! Minerva's noble son,
Exalted high on Fortune's throne,
To whom the rest surrender ;
Art thou the child of Fantasy ?
No,—golden Truth beams on mine eye,
I see a *world* of splendour.

10.

The youths of Delphos, Macedon,
Morea's and Epirus' son,
His all to Neptune giving ;
The sons of Thebes and Thessaly,
With those of Athens, Sparta vie,—
They 're all like brothers living.

11.

Museums and the temple's wall,
The theatre, the sages' hall,
Rise proud on high their structure :
They teach, attract, amaze, delight,
Each sense they charm with magic might,
Each mind entrance to rapture.

ιβ'.

Μὲ τὸ ξίφος Μελπομένη,
Εἰς τὰ αἵμματα βαμμένη
Τρόμον, οἶκτον προξενεῖ:
Ἀλλοῦ πάλιν ἡ Θαλία,
Ῥίπτουσα τὰ προσωπεῖα,
Γλυκὸν γέλωτα κυνεῖ.

ιγ'.

Μουσῶν ςῦμα καὶ Χαρίτων
Ὅμηρε!—τῶν ἀνικήτων
Ὕμνησε τὰς ἀρετάς!
Πίνδαρε!—'ς τὴν Ὀλυμπίαν,
Μὲ κιθάραν σου τὴν θεῖαν,
Δόξασαι τοὺς ἀθλητάς!

ιδ'.

Ψάλλε μοῦσα Τιμοθέου,
Πλήρης ᾄσματος ἐνθέου,
Καὶ κυρία τῶν παθῶν:
Μάρμαρα ἐμψυχωθῆτε,
Μορφὴν, σχῆμα ἐνδυθῆτε
Τῶν ἡρώων καὶ σοφῶν.

12.

Slow comes, her sword immersed in gore,
Melpomene from Pluto's shore,
Fear's ghastly form to heighten ;
And here, by sudden change of scene,
The laughter-loving Muse is seen,
Thy smiling eyes to brighten.

13.

Ye lips on which Apollo smil'd,
The Graces' and the Muses' child,
Hymn high the hero's fire !
Great Homer !—Pindar ! at the games
Shout the unconquer'd victors' names,
Strike loud thy godlike lyre.

14.

Come take the harp, Timotheus,
Thou heart-subduer ! bid thy muse
Her sweetest note to warble ;
And with the braid of laurel—twine,
Again your sages, heros, shine !
Give soul to lifeless marble.

ιέ.

Πάλιν θεωρῶ τοὺς ξένους,
Πανταχόθεν ἐρχομένους
Εἰς τὸ ἔδαφος ἡμῶν:
Τέχνας διὰ νὰ σπουδάσουν
Ἢ τὰ ἔργα νὰ θαυμάσουν
Νέων ἄλλων Ἀπελλῶν.

ιϛ'.

Ἀπὸ πόλον ἕως πόλον,
Τὰ καλὰ τῶν τόσων ὅλων
Περουβίων καὶ Ἰνδῶν:
Γῆν ἀφίνουσι πατρίαν
Ἐς τὴν φιλόμουσον Γραικίαν
Μετοικοῦσι σωρηδόν.

ιζ'.

Ὦ πανύμνητε Σοφία,
Τῶν καλῶν πηγὴ πλουσία,
Θεραπεῖα τῶν κακῶν!
Στῆσαι τὸν λαμπρόν σου θρόνον
Εἰς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων
Ἐν τῷ μέσῳ τῶν Γραικῶν.

Ἕλληνες ἄγωμεν, κ. τ. λ.

15.

Say, strangers, whither are ye bound,
With breathless haste? "To holy ground,—
"We speed to classic Hellas."
With grace they here their minds array,
Gaze on the pencil's bold display,
Works of a new Apelles.

16.

From pole to pole by magic thrill,
From India's shore and from Brazil,
Of human race the flower
Forsake their home, their native soil,
To Phœbus-favour'd Greece they toil,
To share the sacred dower.

17.

Of all our blessings richest source,
In days of woe our sweetest nurse,
Come, Wisdom, heavenly blossom,
Erect again thy golden throne,
For ever here, where once it shone,
In Hellas' faithful bosom!

We break the spell, &c.

Γ'.

ά.

ΦΙ'ΛΟΙ' μου συμπατριῶται,
Δοῦλοι νάμεθα ὡς πότε
Τῶν ἀχρείων Μουσουλμάνων;
Τῆς Ἑλλάδος τῶν τυράννων;

β'.

Ἐκδικήσεως ἡ ὥρα
Ἔφθασεν ὦ φίλοι τώρα;
Ἡ κοινὴ πατρὶς φωνάζει,
Μὲ τὰ δάκρυα μᾶς κράζει.

γ'.

Τέκνα μου, Γραικοὶ γενναῖοι,
Δράμετ' ἄνδρες τε καὶ νέοι,
Ἀσπαζόμεν' εἷς τὸν ἄλλον
Μ' ἐνθουσιασμὸν μεγάλον.

III.

1.

How long, friends and countrymen,
Shall we slaves of slaves remain;
Slaves to Islam's barbarous hordes,
Our country's vile tyrannic lords?

2.

Hark! the thunder rolls on high,
Vengeance sweet! the hour is nigh!
Hellas' call, thy sons opprest,
Dry the tears which bathe thy breast.

3.

Hella's youth of noble race,
Bold the foe of Jesus face,
All inflam'd with sacred fire,
Each his brother shall inspire.

δ'.

Εἴπατε μεγαλοφώνως,
"Ειπατ' ὅλοι ὁμοφώνως;
"Ἑως πότε τυραννία;
"Ζήτω ἡ ἐλευθερία."

ε'.

Ὦ μεγάλη ἀφροσύνη
Τῶν Γραικῶν, καὶ καταισχύνη,
Νὰ μᾶς τυραννοῦσι Τοῦρκοι
Οἱ ἀχρεῖοι Μαμαλοῦκοι!

ς'.

Πόση βιὰ, κι' ἀδικία,
Πόση καταδυναστία,
Τῶν ἀχρειεστάτων Τούρκων
Τῶν ἀχρείων Μαμαλούκων!

ζ'.

Ἦλθον ὅλοι μὲ μίαν βίαν,
Καὶ δουλοῦν κάθε φατρίαν.
Οἱ Γραικοὶ δὲ σιωποῦσαν,
Νὰ λαλήσουν δὲν τολμοῦσαν.

4.

Raise your conquering voices all,
And unanimously call:
"Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
"Live and die for freedom's cause."

5.

Blush, ye Greeks! how low your state;
Madness blinds ye to your fate,
Tyrannized by Ottoman,
Mamaluke, and Turcoman!

6.

Still I hear Oppression's cry,
Innocence and Justice sigh,—
Still the Turkish yoke ye brook,
Serve the barbarous Mamaluke!

7.

See, he comes—sole law, his might,—
Seizes all that's yours by right:
Silent bows the Greek his head,
Does the Rajah speak—he's dead.

ή.

Ἕως πότε Μουσουλμάνους
Ὑποφέρετε τυράννους;
Ἕως πότε τυραννία;
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

θ'.

Ποῦ αἱ τέχναι, ποῦ 'πιστῆμαι
Τῶν Γραικῶν αἱ τόσαι φῆμαι!
Ὑποφέρετε πτωχίαν,
Τυραννίαν κι' ἀδικίαν,

ί.

Βάσανα, μόχθους καὶ πόνους
Μάστιγας, σφαγὰς καὶ φώνους;
Ἑὼς πότε τυραννία;
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

ιά.

Καὶ ξενιτευμὸν πατρίδος,
Στερευμὸν πάσης Ἐλπίδος,
Ὅλ αὐτὰ συλλογισθῆτε,
Τοὺς προγόνους μιμηθῆτε.

8.

How long slaves to Islam's hordes,
How long bear these barbarous lords?
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for Freedom's cause.

9.

Hellas, radiant *was* thy light;
Fame is gone ;—the Muses bright,—
Where are they? The harp, the lute,
Are in Osman's country mute.

10.

And Apollo's voice supply,
Agony and torture's cry:
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

11.

Think but on thy country's sighs,
Think on him, who exiled dies;
Think for thee thy fathers bled,
And life's tide for freedom shed.

ιβʹ.

Ὦ Γραικοὶ ἀνδρειωμένοι,
Εἶσθε ὅλοι ἐνωμένοι
Ἕως πότε τυραννία;
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

ιγʹ.

Τῶν Γραικῶν τὸ μέγα ἔθνος,
Τὸ ἐξακουσμένον γένος,
Εἰς Ἀνατολὴν καὶ Δύσην
Δὲν εἶν' πλέον εἰς τὴν φύσην.

ιδʹ.

Οὗτ' ἀκούετε καθόλου
Ἐξ ἑνὸς ὡς ἄλλου πόλου,
Ταῦτα κάμν' ἡ τυραννία,
Μουσουλμάνων ἡ ἀγρεία.

ιέ.

Ἀλλὰ ἦλθε τέλος πάντων
Μεταξὺ τόσων συμβάντων,
Ἐκδικήσεως ἡ ὥρα
Οἱ Γραικοὶ φωνάζουν τώρα:

12.

Valiant Greeks! one thought, one soul,
All inflame from pole to pole,—
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

13.

In the fane where nations shone,
Greece once fill'd the highest throne,
Like the radiant orb of day,
Beaming round light's sparkling ray.

14.

Now erased from human thought,
Dwindled is her name to nought:
This the bliss which tyrants grant,—
They shall not her fame supplant!

15.

Hail ye all the rolling year!
Yes, revenge, thy hour is near,
Moslem has his time outrun,—
Hark! what says each Argive son.

ιϛ'.

'Σ τοῦ τυράννου τὴν θυσίαν,
῎Απαντες μὲ προθυμίαν
῏Ας πηγαίνωμεν σὺν βία,
Ζήτω ἡ 'Ελευθερία.

ιζ'.

῎Ελαμψεν ἡ σωτηρία,
Ζήτω ἡ 'Ελευθερία!
'Σ τοῦ τυράννου τὴν θυσίαν
Τρέχομεν μὲ προθυμίαν.

ιή.

'Σ τοὺς υἱούςτων οἱ πατέρες
Δίδουν θάῤῥος, κἰ αἱ μητέρες,
῞Οσοι 'πίσω κἰ ἀπομείνουν,
Λέγουσι: μᾶς καταισχύνουν.

ιθ'.

῎Εχετε ὑγείαν λέγουν
Εἰς τὸν πόλεμον τοὺς ϛέλλουν.
῞Εως πότε τυραννία,
Ζήτω ἡ 'Ελευθερία.

16.

May our fellest foemen bleed,
Expiate each tyrant deed
With their life-drops!—Gallant slave,
Sink thy thraldom in their grave.

17.

Brightening with refulgent ray,
O'er us breaks Salvation's day;
Come, the vengeance-pile to raise!
Kindle t' heav'n the grateful blaze!

18.

Speed all to the gory fane,
Shame on those who yet remain!
Fathers give their sons the spear;
Mothers say without a tear,—

19.

"Take thy shield, be sure to come
"With it, or upon it, home." [B]
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

κʹ.

Μὲ σπαθιὰ ξεγυμνωμένα,
Στὸν θεὸν ϛερεωμένα
Εἰς τὰς μάχας νὰ ὁρμάτε,
Καὶ τοὺς Τούρκους νὰ χαλάτε.

κά.

Βοηθοῦντες εἷς τὸν ἄλλον,
Κάμνοντες ὅρκον μεγάλον:
Τότε μόνον νὰ τ' ἀφήϛε,
Ὅταν τοὺς ἐχθροὺς νικήϛε.

κβʹ.

Μὰ τὴν πίστιν, μὰ πατρίδα,
Μὰ τὴν εἰς θεὸν ἐλπίδα,
Τῆς Ἑλλάδος τὴν πρὶν δόξαν
Νὰ τὴν λάβωμεν μὲ δόξαν.

κγʹ.

Τοὺς ἐχθροὺς νὰ πολεμοῦμεν,
Καὶ νὰ τοὺς καταπατοῦμεν·
Ἕως πότε τυραννία,
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

20.

Victory is with the Lord;
Gird around thy vengeance-sword,
Let each turban'd Othman feel
Justice guides our conquering steel.

21.

Sacred be to all this word;
"Each to each be shield and sword,
"Sheath it not till victory
"Triumph o'er our enemy."

22.

Hark! our faith and country call,
God our noblest shield and wall!
Greece shall reign with ancient might,
Seize your swords, and nobly fight!

23.

On,—the foe of Jesus' face,
Trample on the tyrant-race!
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

κδ΄.

Τρόπαια τοῦ Μαραθῶνος
Δὲν ἠφάνισεν ὁ χρόνος,
Μήτε Σαλαμῖνος ἔργα,
Τῶν Ἑλλήνων θαῦμα μέγα.

κέ.

Μιλτιάδης, Λεονίδης,
Μέτ' αὐτῶν ὁ Ἀριστήδης,
Κι' ὁ Θεμιστοκλῆς ὁ μέγας,
Ὡς αὐτὸς ἄλλος κανένας.

κϛ΄.

Σιωπῶ τοὺς τόσους ἄλλους,
Ἄνδρες θαυμαστοὺς μεγάλους.
Ἕως πότε τυραννία,
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

κζ΄.

Ἐκείνους οἱ Γραικοὶ μιμοῦνται,
Τούρκους πλέον δὲν φοβοῦνται,
Τὴν ζωὴν καταφρονοῦσι
Τοὺς τυράννους δὲν ψηφοῦσι.

24.

Marathon, thy trophies bright
Still defy time's sweeping might,
Ever-green the laurel is,
Gain'd at seaborn Salamis.

25.

Think but on Miltiades,
On the just Aristides,
On Themistocles the Great,
And brave Leonidas's fate.

26.

Thousands of our great and brave,
Of such heroes deck the grave.
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

27.

Yes, a spark from yon dark fanes,
Thrills like lightning through our veins,—
Greeks despise a dastard's life,
Greeks defy a tyrant's strife.

κή.

Εἰς τὴν δόξαν τῆς πατρίδος,
Μὲ τὴν εἰς θεὸν Ἐλπίδος,
Ἄς ὑπάγωμεν ὦ νέοι,
Εἰς τὸν πόλεμον γενναῖοι.

κθ'.

Ὅλοι νὰ θανατωθοῦμεν,
Πλὴν νὰ μὴν ὑποταχθοῦμεν.
Ἕως πότε τυραννία,
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

λ'.

Οἱ Γραικοὶ τὰ ἱστοροῦνται,
Καὶ καλὰ τὰ ἐνθυμοῦνται,
Προγονοίτων εἶν' ὁ Μίνος,
Ὁ Λυκοῦργος, Σόλων 'κεῖνος.

λά.

Ἡ Ἑπτάλοφος μᾶς κράζει,
Θρόνον μέγα ἑτοιμάζει,
Ὦ Γραικοὶ ἀνδρειωμένοι
Οἱ παντοῦ ἐξακουσμένοι.

28.

Glory is each Grecian's call,
God our nobest shield and wall!
All, a well-cemented might,
Let us bold our foemen fight.

29.

All shall die or all be free,—
Think but on Thermopoly.
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

30.

Blood-proud Argive sons have not
Their ancestral line forgot;
From Lycurgus trace their spring,
Solon and the Cretan king.

31.

Islam's crescent wanes apace,
Plant instead the sign of grace;
On where gleams Sophia's shrine,
Raise the throne of Constantine!

λβ'.

Δὲν ἐξεύρετε τυράννοι,
Ὅτι ὁ Γραικὸς δὲν χάνει.
Ἕως πότε τυραννία,
Ζήτω ἡ Ἐλευθερία.

32.

Tremble, tyrants! know fate's doom:
"Greece shall rise in all her bloom."
Down with bloody tyrant-laws,
Live and die for freedom's cause.

Δ'.

ά.

Ἦλθεν ὁ Μιλτιάδης
Μὲ δύναμαις πολλαῖς,
Ἡ μήτηρ μας, μᾶς κράζει
Μ' ἀγκάλαις ἀνοικταῖς.

Βουνὰ ψηλὰ, βουνὰ ψηλὰ,
Λαγκάδια καὶ βυθοὺς,
Πηδᾶτε κὶ ἀπερνᾶτε,
Φονεύστε τοὺς ἐχθρούς.

β'.

Ἕως πότε παληκάρια
Νὰ ζῶμεν 'στὰ στενά;
Μονάχοι σὰν λεοντάρια
'Σ τοὺς βράχους 'ς τὰ βουνά.

IV.

1.

MILTIADES is coming,
A thousand spears his wall;
Greece opens you her bosom,
O hear a parent's call!

The vale is low, the mountain steep,
And perilous the main;
Come pass, and climb, and cross the deep,
The tyrant-foe be slain.

2.

Wild like the mountain lion,
In woods and caves we roam;
No longer, brother heroes,
Let 's strangers be at home.

γ΄.

Ν' ἀφίνωμεν ἀδέλφια,
Πατρίδα καὶ γονεῖς,
Τοὺς φίλους, τὰ πεδιά μας,
Κι' ὅλους, τοὺς συγγενεῖς.

δ΄.

'Αφέντης, δραγομάνος,
Βεζύρης κι ἂν ϛαθῇς,
'Ο τύραννος σὲ κάμνει
'Αδίκως νὰ χαθῇς.

έ.

Καλήτερα μιᾶς ὥρας
'Ελεύθερη ζωὴ,
Παρὰ 'σαράντα χρόνους,
Σκλαβιὰ καὶ φυλακή.

ϛ΄.

Ἆς κάμωμεν τὸν ὅρκον
'Σ τὸν τίμεον ϛαυρὸν,
Πῶς χύνομεν τὸ αἷμα
Εἰς τοῦτον τὸν καιρόν.

3.

I have no friend, no parent,
No country call I mine;
All crush'd beneath the crescent,—
My wife, my kin, my kine.

4.

Today a Dragomano,
Or chosen e'en visier,
Thou'lt die tomorrow guiltless,
To soothe a tyrant's fear.

5.

What's a life of slavery
To one day's freedom's breath?
A lingering life of slavery,
Is but a lingering death.

6.

Red gleams the Cross our banner,—
Swear by the holy sign,
Life's purple tide shall flow
Till Greece be freedom's shrine.

ζ'.

'Σ 'Ανάτολην καὶ Δύσιν,
Εἰς Νότον καὶ Βοῤῥεὰν,
Γιὰ τὴν πατρίδα ὅλοι
Ν' ἄχωμεν μιὰν καρδιάν.

ή.

'Σ τὴν πίστιν τοῦ καθένας
'Ελεύθερος νὰ ζῇ,
'Σ τὴν δόξαν τοῦ πολέμου
Νὰ τρέζωμεν μαζύ.

θ'.

Κι' ἂν παραβῇ τὸν ὅρκον,
Νὰ στράψῃ ὁ οὐρανὸς,
Καὶ νὰ τὸν κατακάψῃ,
Νὰ γένῃ σὰν καπνός.

Βουνὰ ψηλὰ, κ. τ. λ.

7.

From pole to pole united;
In arms, from east to west,
One thought for Greece be cherish'd,
One thought warm every breast.

8.

Free be each man, his Maker
Free in his faith adore;
Hence! share ye all the laurel,
Haste to the camp of gore.

9.

Roll, Lord, o'er him thy thunder,
Who breaks this oath we swear;
Annihilate him, lightning,
Like smoke dispersed in air.

The vale is low, &c.

Ε'.

ά.

ΓΡΑΙΚΟΙ' φίλ' ἂς κινηθῶμεν,
'Απὸ τὸν ζυγὸν ν' ἐκβῶμεν,
Κι' ἀπὸ τὰς φρικτὰς βασάννους:
Νὰ μὴν ἔχωμεν τυράννους.

β'.

Εἶναι πλέον ἀτιμία,
Καὶ μεγίς' ἀναισχυντία,
'Ο Γραικὸς νὰ μὴ κινῆται,
Κι' εἰς τὸν λήθαργον νὰ κῆται.

γ'.

"Ως καλὰς, ὀρθὰς καὶ θεῖας,
Τῶν τυράννων τὰς ἀχρεῖας
Τὰς βουλὰς, νὰ ἐκτελῶμεν:
Κι' ἀπρεπῶς νὰ τὰς τιμῶμεν.

V.

1.

Greeks and friends, whom I invoke,
Rive the fetters, shake the yoke;
Pangs heart-rending we bemoan,
Let's no longer tyrants own.

2.

Greeks, disgrace will stain *their* name,
And eternal be their shame,
Who with indifference supine,
Now in lethargy recline.

3.

They adore, as Heavenly will,
Laws, of human breast the chill;
And the Turkish leaden sway,
With a slavish neck obey.

δ'.

Ἀλλ' ἦλθ' ἡ ὥρα, μήτ' ἐλπίδα
Νὰ μὴν ἔχῃς, πῶς ῥανίδα
Μιαρὲ τύραννε θὰ σώσεις,
Αἵμματός σου νὰ μὴ δόσῃς.

ε'.

Πάντες αἷμά σου διψοῦμεν,
Λοιπὸν ὅλον θὰ τὸ πιοῦμεν:
Πανταχόθεν θέλει τρέχει,
Καὶ τὴν γῆν παντοῦ θὰ βρέχει.

ϛ'.

'Σ τὰ πεδιὰ τὰ ῥημωμένα,
Ὅλοι ξίφει 'ματωμένα
Εἰς τὰς χεῖρας ἂς βαστῶμεν,
Μουσουλμάνους νὰ ζητῶμεν.

ζ'.

Ἂς ζητῶμεν ποῦ 'ν οἱ ἐχθροί μας,
Νὰ γνωρίσουν τὸ σπαδί μας:
Αἷμα, αἷμα τουρκικὸν,
Ἂς δοξάσῃ τὸν Γραικόν.

4.

Nigh 's the hour of vengeance! Know,
Plague-infected tyrant foe,
Allah sleeps!—thy blood I drain,
Till each life-drop leave its vein.

5.

Life we long from thee to wrench,
'T is thy blood our thirst must quench;
All around the living gush
Dyes the earth with purple blush.

6.

Bare the blades immersed in gore;
Haste, the desert fields explore!
Desolation, whirl thy brand
Over Islam's treacherous band.

7.

Prove the foe, thy scimitar
Can the turban'd foemen mar;
Blood,—yes, Turkish blood alone,
Can for Grecian wrongs atone.

ή.

Τοὺς προγόνους μιμηθῶμεν,
Τ' ἅρματ' ἂς πυρσοκροτῶμεν,
Αἷμα τύραννοι νὰ χύσουν,
Καὶ τὸν Ἅδην νὰ γεμίσουν.

θ'.

Μ' ἕνα φρόνημα μ' ἓν βῆμα
Φίλ' ἂς γίνωμεν ἢ θῦμα,
Ἢ σωτῆρες τῆς Γραικίας,
Στῦλοι τῆς Ἐλευθερίας.

ί.

Γραικὸς ἂν μικροψυχήσῃ
Γραικοῦ τ' ὄνομ' ἂς ἀφήσῃ,
Ἂς τ' ἀφήσῃ 'ς τοὺς ἀνδρείους,
Ποῦ φονεύουν τοὺς ἀχρείους.

ιά.

Τοὺς Γραικοὺς ἐχθρ' ἂς τρομάζουν,
'Σ τ' ὀνομάτων ἂς δειλιάζουν,
Ἂς χαθῇ Γραικῶν δουλεῖα,
Ν' ἀνατείλῃ 'λευθερία.

8.

While ancestral glory warms,
Hurl Death's thunder with your arms;
Strike—the Infidels to kill,
Pluto's dreary realms to fill.

9.

Let us all, a self-doom'd wreck,
Together the cold mansion deck;
Or, predestined Greece to save,—
Freedom's pillars are the brave!

10.

Does pale fear then blanch his cheek?
Dare he boast himself a Greek?
No,—the brave become that name,
Their's the right to honour's claim.

11.

At that name our foe shall shrink;
Burst of Slavery each link!
Be our watchword in the fight,—
Freedom every Grecian's right!

ϛ'.

α'.

ΠΑΙ῀ΔΕΣ Ἑλλήνων ἦλθ' ἡ στιγμὴ
Νὰ κινηθῶμεν μιᾷ ὁρμῇ,
Συγχρόνως νὰ πηδήσωμεν,
Ὅλοι νὰ πολεμήσωμεν,
Πρὸς δόξαν τῆς θρησκείας μας,
Καὶ τῆς Ἐλευθερίας μας.

β'.

Οἱ τύραννοί μας ὀθωμανοὶ
Δὲν εἶν' ὡς εἶσαν ποτὲ δεινοὶ,
Κι' ἡμεῖς ἐκαταλαβάμεν
Ποίους γονεῖς ἐλάβαμεν.
Ὅλοι λοιπὸν ἂς τρέξωμεν
Τοὺς Τούρκους νὰ φονεύσωμεν.

VI.

1.

Sol in his splendour pauses o'er Greece,
Calling her children to her release;
Burst forth a well-cemented band,
Death daring on th' arena stand,
For your religion fight,—regain
Your freedom in the strife of men.

2.

Fear not the Moslems,—well 'tis seen
They are no longer what they 've been;
And none forget our Hero-line,
Which radiant decks the Grecian shrine.
Then let us struggle to the last,
And death on Osman's children cast.

γʹ.

Ἐκδεδομένοι εἰς τὰς τρυφὰς,
Ἔχουσιν ὅλοι ψυχὰς δειλὰς,
Οἱ ἴδιοι φωνάζουσιν,
Ἀυθέντας τῶν μᾶς κράζουσιν.
Ὅλοι λοιπὸν ἂς τρέξωμεν
Τοὺς Τούρκους νὰ φονεύσωμεν.

δʹ.

Τόσων Ἡρώων τέκνα ἡμεῖς
Μένωμεν ἔτι ὑποκλινεῖς;
Ἀκόμ', ἀκόμη μένωμεν
Βαρβάρους νὰ δουλεύωμεν;
Τὸ ἐλελεῦ ἂς κράζωμεν
Καὶς τοὺς τυράννους σφάζωμεν.

έ.

Μαυροκορδάτος μᾶς προσκαλεῖ,
Δράμετε κράζει ὅλ' ὦ Γραικοί.
Σταυρὸν φέρ' ἡ σημαῖά μας,
Θάνατον ἡ ῥομφαῖά μας.
Τοὺς Τούρκους οὖν ἂς σφάζωμεν,
Καὶ ὅλοι μας ἂς κράζωμεν:

3.

Revelry's lord and Luxury's slave,
His weak heart faints with dread of the grave;
"We are the Lords" his lips confess,
Where life fades into lifelessness.
Then let us struggle to the last,
And death on Osman's children cast.

4.

Link'd with the Magnates, lords of our land,
Yet we obey the tyrant's command!
Are we still slaves? bound to the soil,
To dig their lands, for them to toil?
We smite for freedom, they for sway,—
Your smiters smite, your tyrants slay.

5.

Maurocordatus summons the thanes,
Summons the Greeks to burst their chains.
The sacred emblem leads our band,
While death deals each unbelted brand,
Fixing the doom of every foe,
Shout high, proclaim with martial glow,

ϛʹ.

Ζήτω τὸ γένος, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλὰς,
Πάντα νὰ ἄρχῃς, καὶ νὰ νικᾷς.
Τὰ τέκνα ’ς ὀρκιζώμεθα,
Τὰ ὅπλα μας ζωνόμεθα,
Πρὸς δόξαν τῆς θρησκείας μας
Καὶ τῆς ἐλευθερίας μας.

6.

Hellas our country for ever! again
Hellas shall conquer, Hellas shall reign!
Thy children, sworn to vindicate
Thy wrongs, shall raise thy fallen state;
Fighting for faith, they shall regain
Their freedom in the strife of men.

Ζ΄.

α΄.

ΛΑΜΠΡΑ' Ἑλλὰς
Πηγὴ τῶν φιλοσόφων
Μητέρα τῶν Ἡρώων
Φωσφόρε τῶν βροντῶν,
Ξύπνησον ἐκ τοῦ βύθους
Σύντριψον τὰς ἀλύσσους
Μητέρα τῶν Μουσῶν.

β΄.

Ἰδοὺ καιρὸς
Τῆς δόξης σου ἐφάνη
Κρατῶν χρυσοῦν ϛεφάνι
Καὶ κράζων ἰσχυρῶς:
Ἑλλὰς γενναιοτάτη
Τυράννους καταπάτει
Καὶ νίκα κρατεῶς.

VII.

1.

Illustrious Greece!
Which gave the hero birth,
Bright wisdom's fount on earth,
Apollo's favourite porch:
Fly sleep's inglorious reign,
Awake, and rive thy chain!
Hail, mankind's mental torch!

2.

Now glory's rays
O'er thee their lustre shed,
And crown thy conquering head.
A voice guides thy array:
"Bold on the tyrants press,
"To Greece shall be success,
"Thine is the martial day."

γ'.

Μὴ δειλιᾷς
 Ἔχεις ἡρώων ςῆθος
 Καὶ φιλοσόφων πλῆθος
 Νὰ σ' ὑπερασπισθοῦν,
 Μητέρα σὲ γνωρίζουν,
 Ὅπου κι' ἂν τριγυρίζουν
 Καὶ σὲ ἐπι ποθοῦν.

δ'.

Τὸν Ἡρακλὴ
 Σὺ μόνη ἐδυνήθης
 Σ' τὸν κόσμον νὰ γεννήσης
 Ὕδρας ξολοθρευτὴν,
 Ἀυτῆς 'ποῦ τῶρα πάλιν
 Μὲ δύναμιν μεγάλην
 'Σ τὰ σπλάγχνασου οἰκεῖ.

έ.

Ὦ Ἀθηνᾶ
 Σπεῦσον πρὸς σὴν πατρίδα
 Εἰς γῆν τὴν Ἑλληνίδα,
 Καὶ πλάσον τοὺς ἐκεῖ
 Ἥρωας ὡς τὸ πρῶτον,
 Κινοῦντας τῶν ἀνθρώπων
 Τὸν θαυμασμὸν ἐν γῇ.

3.

Hence, chilling fear!
Of sages thou canst boast,
Of heroes a large host,
Thy shield their sacred throng.
Thou art their native home,
However far they come,
For thy embrace they long.

4.

'T was thou didst give
A Hercules to light;
Beneath his valour's might
Prolific Python bled:
A monster of that breed
Dwells now amidst thy seed,
And rears its venom'd head.

5.

Jove's valiant maid!
In Hellas dwell again,
In thy paternal fane,
And warm thy children's breasts,
Like the heroic dead;
Their fame, with life not fled,
The wond'ring mind arrests.

ϛʹ.

Μὴ δίσταζε
Αὐτοὶ ἐπιποθοῦσι
Ἐκεῖ νὰ σὲ ἰδοῦσι
Νὰ θεοποιηθῇς,
Προστάτης νὰ μετρῆσε
Μητέρα νὰ καλῆσε
Κι' ἂς ἦσαι εὐπειθὴς.

ζʹ.

Μουσῶν χορὸς
Ἑλλάδος θυγατέρες
Χρόνου χρυσοῦ μητέρες
Ἑλλικωνὸς φωνὴ,
Στρέψατε 'ς τὴν πατρίδα
Τὴν γῆν τὴν Ἑλληνίδα
Πατρίδα μας κοινή.

6.

Once more to see
Thy image,—veil'd the face,—
Our sanctuary grace,
With joy our bosoms thrill!
Rebuild thy throne that fell,
Amidst thy children dwell,
Propitious to our will!

7.

Come, Grecian maids!
The Muses' sacred ring,
Hellicon's voice, and bring
The happy golden time:
Deign, fugitives, to roam
No longer from your home,
Dwell in your native clime!

Η'.

ά.

ΠΑΤΡΙ'ΔΑ' μας ἐπαινετὴ
'Σ ὅλον τὸν κόσμον ξακουστὴ,
Ἔφθασ' ὁ καιρὸς τῆς δόξης
Τοὺς τυράννους νὰ τροπόσῃς.
Σκιρτῶμεν ἐλευθέρως,—
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

β'.

Τώρα ἐξύπνησ' ὁ καθεὶς
Κἰ ἐγνώρισε τὸ ἀληθὲς,
Ποῦ γιὰ φθόνον μᾶς μισοῦσι
Σκλάβους πάντα μᾶς πυθοῦσι,
Πατρίδα καὶ τὸ Γένος,—
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

VIII.

1.

HAIL, Parent-land! thou dwelling-place
Of every virtue, every grace;
Step bold again on Glory's path,
And on the tyrants vent thy wrath!
Let 's catch the freeman's bound,—
Speed all to Classic ground!

2.

We all are wiser now, and know
The truth—taught in the school of woe;
By envy mark'd out for their hate,
They deem us doom'd to Slavery's fate,
Our children, and our Land;—
Let 's speed to Hellas' strand!

γʹ.

Ἄνδρες, γυναῖκες, καὶ πεδιὰ,
Ὅλοι ἂς πιάσουν τὰ σπαθιὰ,
Προγόνους τῶν ἂς μιμηθοῦν
Τυράννους ἂς μὴ φοβηθοῦν.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

δʹ.

Πέρασ' ἐκεῖνος ὁ καιρὸς
Ποῦ ἦτον ὁ καθεὶς δειλὸς,
Ὅλοι τώρα ἂς ὁμοιάσουν
Τοὺς βαρβάρους νὰ δαμάσουν.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

έ.

Μὴν τὸν μετρᾶτε παντελῶς
Τὸν τυράννον, γιάτ' εἶν δειλὸς,
Κτοπᾶτε, μὴ σᾶς μέλη,
Μὲ τὰ τρομερά σας βέλη.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

3.

In man's, and boy's, and woman's hand,
Shall blaze your country's vengeance-brand!
Your kindred's feats to mind recall,
And fearless on the tyrants fall!
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore!

4.

Time rolls:—Fear once your minds appall'd,
Basely before your lords ye crawl'd:
Now feel ye man's most sacred right,
Humble the tyrants in the fight.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore!

5.

Deign not to court the Moslem-crew,
There fear displays its pallid hue.
Let's smite! and be the tyrant's heart
The aim of each unerring dart.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore!

ϛʹ.

Γραικοὶ, ἀδέλφια Χριϛιανοὶ,
Ὅλοι ζωσθῆτε τὸ σπαθὶ,
Κι' ἐλᾶτε θυμωμένοι
Καιρὸς δὲν σᾶς προσμένει.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ζʹ.

Γιατὶ νὰ χάνωμεν Γραικοὶ
Πατρίδά μας καὶ τὴν ζωὴν,
'Πὸ δέκα μουσουλμάνους
Ψεύϛας μαωμεθάνους;
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

ηʹ.

Μὴν ὑποφέρετε ζυγὸν
Βαρβάρων τῶν Ἀγαρινῶν!
Πάρτε τ' ἅρματα κι' ἐλᾶτε,
Τοὺς τυράννους νὰ νικᾶτε.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλάς.

6.

Greeks,—friends who have in Christ a pledge
Of faith, who well your falchions edge,
Avail yourselves of fortune's day,
And Moslem shall his outrage pay.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

7.

Ne'er be it true, e'en for a while,
That Moslem's false and dwindling file
Should prove the conqueror in the strife,
The lords of Greece, and of your life!
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

8.

And shall again your Moslem-foes
On you the tyrant-yoke impose,—
The yoke by heaven and earth abhorr'd?
No,—trample on the Turkish lord.
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

θ'.

Τῆς Ῥούμελῆς καὶ τοῦ Μωριᾶ
Ὅλοι ζωσθῆτε τὰ σπαθιὰ,
Νησιῶται ἀνδρειωμένοι
Καιρὸς δὲν σᾶς προσμένει.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλὰς.

ι'.

Νὰ 'λευθερώσωμεν παιδιὰ,
Γῆν μας Ἑλλάδα τὴν λάμπρὰν,
Στοὺς Τούρκους ἂς διχθῶμεν
Πῶς πάντα ἡμεῖς νικῶμεν.
Λεβέντες ἀνδρειωμένοι
Ζήτω, ζήτω ἡ Ἑλλὰς.

9.

Morea's sons, and Rumely's,
Ye children of the Isles of Greece,
Avail yourselves of fortune's day,
Seize on the foe, your destin'd prey!
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

10.

Greece shall inhale of Freedom's breath
The balm,—thy children wear its wreath;
Let's prove unto the Islam horde,
The God of Greece is Victory's lord!
On, brotherhood of gore,—
Speed all to Hellas' shore.

Θ'.

α'.

ΤΙ' καρτερεῖτε φίλοι καὶ ἀδελφοὶ,
Καὶ δὲν κινεῖτε γλῶσσαν, καρδιὰν, σπαθὶ;
'Ιδοὺ καιρὸς μᾶς ἔφθασεν
'Ημέρα δόξης ἔλαμψεν,
Λοιπὸν ὀμῶστε, καὶ σπαθιὰ
Γυμνῶστε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

β'.

Σκλάβοι σεῖς πλέον μὴν καταδέχεσθε
Μήτε νὰ ἦστε, μήτε νὰ λέγεσθε,
'Ελεύθερα φρονήσατε
'Ανδρείως πολεμήσατε,
Καὶ τ' ἅρματά σας δράξατε
'Εχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

IX.

1.

Brothers of sorrow, rouse from your trance, rejoice,
Consonant move your heart, sword, and voice;
The hour is come: through the dense night
The day of joy beams on our sight.
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade!

2.

Lit is the torch of Freedom and Faith in our land,
Slavery's name shall Hellas ne'er brand;
Freedom proclaim! your fetters riven,
Brave the foe, and trust in Heaven:
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

γ'.

Ὁ Ἀχιλέας, κὶ ὁ μέγας Ἡρακλῆς,
Ἐπαμινῶνδας, κὶ ὁ Θεμιστοκλῆς
Δικοί μας εἶναι πρόγονοι
Κὶ ἡμεῖς αὐτῶν ἀπόγονοι.
Λοιπὸν ὁμῶστε, τὰ σπαθιὰ
Γυμνῶστε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

δ'.

Τούτην τὴν φήμην καὶ τὴν παληκαριὰν,
Γνῶσιν, ἀνδρεῖαν καὶ γενναιοκαρδιὰν
Ἂς μιμηθῶμεν ὅλοι μας,
Παιδιὰ λαμπρῶν προγόνων μας.
Καὶ τ' ἅρματα ἂς 'δράξωμεν
Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξωμεν.

έ.

Πατρίς μας κράζει, δεῦτε ἂς δράμωμεν,
Σάλπιγξ φωνάζει, νίκας ἂς κάμωμεν.
Ὡς ἀϊτοὶ ἂς πετάξωμεν
Ζυγὸν ἀποτεινάξωμεν.
Λοιπὸν ὁμῶστε, καὶ σπαθιὰ
Γυμνώστε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

3.

Epaminondas, Pelëus' mighty son,
He who the day at Salamis won,—
Bear witness, world, from them we trace
The glorious line of Hellen-race.
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade!

4.

Loud be their valour's generous sense reveal'd!
By patrimonial lustre seal'd;
Tread in their steps, and bid them all
Their warlike memory recall.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

5.

Hear ye the call of Hellas, her Christian votes?
Sounds the shrill bugle, victory's notes?
The yoke is riven;—Swift, on your prey,
Like eagles cross the liquid way.
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade!

ϛ'.

Ναὶ παμφιλτάτη Ἑλλὰς, πατρίδα μας,
Ἰδοῦ τὸν ζῆλον καὶ προθυμίαν μας.
Γυμνὰ σπαθιὰ βαςάζομεν
Κἰ ὅλ ὁμωφώνως κράζωμεν:
Νὰ ζῆ, νὰ ζῆ, καὶ τρεῖς νὰ ζῆ
Πίςις, πατρὶς, καὶ τὸ Γένος.

ζ'.

Ὦ Ἑλλαδῖται, ἄνδρες ἀληθινοὶ
Καὶ Ῥουμελιῶται ἥρωες ξακουςοὶ,
Ἀρματωθῶμεν ὅλοι μὰς
Ἐκδικηθῶμεν μόνοι μας
Καὶ τ' ἄρματα ἃς δράξωμεν
Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξωμεν.

ή.

Ὦ Ἀλβανῖται ἄνδρες ἐλεύθεροι
Καὶ Ἠπειρῶται οἱ εὐγενέςεροι,
Τοῦ Πύῤῥου οἱ ἀπόγονοι
Ὁρμήσατε ὁμόφωνοι.
Καὶ τ' ἄρματά σας δράξατε,
Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

6.

Land that contains the marvels of old, reveal,—
Burns not each breast with holiest zeal?
The sword is drawn by every one;
And all exclaim in unison,—
Flourish the Trinity, our creed,
Our country, and our seed.

7.

Macedon's flower and Rumely's offspring claim,
Brave Chimariot, the conqueror's fame!
To arms! to arms! be all in arms;
Revenge each Grecian bosom warms.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

8.

Men of Epirus, Acroceraunium wild,
Liberty's son, Albania's child!
From Pyrrhus date your source of life,
Unanimous begin the strife.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

θ'.

Ὦ τοῦ Ἀιγαίου παλάγου κάτοικοι
Τῶν ἀθανάτων Γραικῶν οἱ ἄποικοι,
Ξυπνήσατε ὀγλήγορα
Μιὰν ὥραν σεῖς πρωτήτερα.
Καὶ τ' ἅρματά σας δράξατε
Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

ί.

Ὦ Ὑδριῶται καὶ σεῖς οἱ Ψαριανοὶ
Ἄνδρες Σπεζιῶται καὶ ἐπίλοιποι Γραικοὶ,
Ὁ τὰ πλοία σας ὁρμήσατε
Τυράννους ἀφανήσατε.
Καὶ τ' ἅρματά σας δράξατε
Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

ιά.

Ὦ Μωραῖται Ἑλλήνων ἀδελφοὶ
Καὶ Σπαρτιάται Ἡρώων κορυφὴ,
Ἐνθυμηθεῖτε φίλοί μου
Πῶς εἶσθε τώρ' οἱ ςύλοί μου.
Καὶ τ' ἅρματά σας δράξατε
Ἐχθροὺς τῆς πατρίδος σπαράξατε.

9.

Glorious Grecian colonies! ocean smiles
Gently around ye, Ægean Isles!
Awake thou world nursed on the deep,
A minute sooner from thy sleep.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

10.

Children of Spezia, ye who in Psara dwell,
Ye Hydriots—blest with no well,
Hoist your white sails, hurl from on board
Destruction on the tyrant-horde.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

11.

Heart-kindred brothers, sons of the Chersonese,
Boast of the warlike Peloponnese,
Come, brave Maniotes, with Moslem cope,
Ye are my pillars, ye are my hope.
Your phalanx Islam's ranks shall foil,
And force them to recoil.

ιβʹ.

Ὦ Ἄνδρες Κρῖτες, καὶ ἄξιοι Σφακιανοὶ,
Τουρκῶν ὁ τρόμος, κἰ ἐχθροὶ παντοτεινοὶ,
Ἡ Ἀθηνᾶ ἀνέτειλε
Κἰ ἐλευθερίαν ἔστειλε.
Λοιπὸν ὁμῶστε, καὶ σπαθιὰ
Γυμνῶστε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

ιγʹ.

Ἔχετε Δία τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ υἱὸν,
Καὶ ἄλλον Ἄρην τὸν τίμιον σταυρόν.
Διατὶ λοιπὸν προσμένετε
Ἰδοῦ ἡ νίκη φαίνεται.
Λοιπὸν τουφέκια καὶ σπαθιὰ
Ἀδράξατε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

ιδʹ.

Ἀυτὸς δοξάζει τοὺς ὑπηκόους του
Κ' ἀντιβραβευει μόνος καὶ μόνος του,
Τοὺς εὐσεβεῖς δοξάζοντας,
Καὶ τοὺς τυράννους σφάζοντας.
Λοιπὸν τουφέκια καὶ σπαθιὰ
Ἀδράξατε διὰ τὴν πατρίδα.

12.

War-child of Crete and Spakïa, flash the spear,
Osman's eternal enemy, and hear,
Minerva with her ægis bound,
Diffuses freedom's glow around;—
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade.

13.

Once through the ranks stalk'd Ares and Jove; now shine
God and his Son's mysterious sign;
Then why yet stay, and why delay,
When nearly you have gain'd the day?
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade.

14.

Glory awaits the followers of the Lord,
'T is they alone shall find reward;
His thunderbolts o'er Moslem roll,
Add courage to each pious soul:—
Unsheath your sword, to rest betray'd,
For Hellas wield your blade.

ιέ.

Πίϛιν, πατρίδα ἐλευθερώσωμεν
Καὶ τοὺς τυράννους ὅλους σκοτόσωμεν.
Και τὰ βραβεῖ' ἂς λάβωμεν
Τῆς νίκης, κἰ ἀνακράζωμεν:
Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ καὶ τρεῖς νὰ ζῇ,
Πίϛις, πατρὶς καὶ τὸ γένος.

15.

O'ergorged tyrants now shall resign their breath,
Free be our country, free be our faith!
Come, snatch of victory the prize,
To Heaven send the conqueror's cries:—
Flourish the Trinity, our creed,
Our country, and our seed.

Ι΄.

ά.

Ὦ ΤΟΥ͂ γένους τῶν Ἑλλήνων
Προπατόρων μας ἐκείνων
Δεῦτε παῖδες ἀληθεῖς.
Τῆς πατρίδος τὰς ἀλύσσας
Ἂς συντρίψῃ ὁ καθεῖς.
Ἔφθασεν ὁ καιρὸς,
Νὰ λείψῃ ὁ ζυγός.
Ἐλεύθερα νὰ ζῶμεν
Νὰ τρίμῃ κάθ' ἐχθρός.

β΄.

Νὰ μὴν εἴμεθα πλεὰ σκλάβοι,
Ἐπειδὴ καὶ τοῦτο βλάβει,
Ἂς προδράμῃ ὁ καθεῖς
Τοὺς τυράννους μὴ ψηφᾶτε
Ὦ Γραικοὶ φιλογενεῖς.

γ΄.

Ἐπειδὴ πλέον δὲν εἶναι
Οἱ τυράννοί μας ἐκεῖνοι
Νὰ τρομάξουν τοὺς Γραικούς.
Ἀχλά τώρα μεταβάλθη
Ἡ δειλία πρὸς αὐτούς.

X.

1.

Offspring of the Grecian line,
Ye who from that source divine
Trace the blood that swells your veins;
Burst, a patriotic band,
Burst the fetters of your land.

The slavish yoke is rent,
That long our neck has bent:
Free let us live or die,
Fear'd by each enemy.

2.

Slavery shall forget her chain,
Greece her liberty regain,—
Whirl in might your scimitar.
If a Greek yourself you style,
On! despise the tyrant-file.

3.

Terror daunts each Moslem breast;
Victory sits not on his crest;
And the Greeks no longer fear.
Ruin-wrought panic changes side,
Towards us rushes Triumph's tide.

δ'.

Καὶ δὲν μέν' ἀμφιβολία
Ὅτι ἡ Ἐλευθερία
Μᾶς ἐδόθη ἐκ θεοῦ,
Διὰ νὰ λάμψῃ τοῦ ϛαυροῦμας
Ἡ σημαία παντεχοῦ.

έ.

Κι' ἔτζι τώρ' ἂς προσπαθίσῃ
Ὁ καθεῖς κ' ἂς μὴν ψηφίσῃ
Τὴν ζωήν του παντελῶς.
Ἀλλὰ τὴν Ἐλευθερίαν
Ἂς ζητήσωμεν κοινῶς.

ϛ'.

Ν' ἀποδείξωμ' ὁμοφώνως
Ὅτι τοῦτος εἶν' ὁ χρόνος,
Ὁποῦ μέλλει νὰ δειχθῇ
Ἡ ἀνδρεία τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
Καὶ ἡ νίκη ἡ φρικτή.

ζ'.

Εἰς τοὺς χίλιους ὀκτακόσιους
Εἴκοσ' ἕναν λέγω τόσους
Ἀπὸ ἔτος Χριϛιανῶν,
Μέγα θαῦμα τοῦτ' ἐϛάθη
Διὰ ὅλων τῶν πιϛῶν.

4.

Thou, celestial Liberty,
(Doubt alone were blasphemy)
Art our Heavenly Father's gift:
Blaze around the Christian's meed,
Sacred emblem of our creed!

5.

Why then heave a doubtful breath?
Is it from the dread of death?
Gain your life, contemning it;
Let us for our native right,
Let us all for freedom fight.

6.

Now your ancient valour prove,
Gather from your country's love
Hero-strength and energy.
'T is this circling year must tell
If the Grecian host fight well.

7.

Of the nineteeth century
Since our Lord did live and die,
In the year of twenty-one,
Mighty wonders shall insure
Those who live in Christ secure.

ή.

Μὲ τὴν δύναμιν τὴν θείαν
Ἐνικήθη ἡ αιτιὰ
Καὶ σπαράτει τοὺς ἐχθρούς.
Ποίαν δόξαν πρὸς τὸ γένος
Ποίαν φήμην 'ς τοὺς Γραικούς!

θ'.

Ἔστωντας ἐλευθερίαν
Χωρὶς δύναμιν κᾳμμίαν
Μὲ τὰ τέκνά σου ζητεῖς.
Τὸ θαυμάζει κάθε γένος
Τέτοιον πρᾶγμα νὰ ποθῇς.

ί.

Καὶ μὲ σέβας τὸ θωροῦν
Ὅσα ἔθνη κατοικοῦν
'Σ τὴν Εὐρώπην γενικῶς,
Λέγωντας: ἐξαναφάνει
Ὁ αἰῶν Ἑλληνικός.

ιά.

Καὶ μεγάλ' ἑτοιμασίαν
Ὅλοι κάμνουσι μὲ βίαν
Διὰ τοῦτο 'ποῦ ζητᾶς,
Στεφάνους χρυσοῦς νὰ ϛείλουν
Πρὸς τὰ τέκνα σοῦ Ἑλλάς.

8.

By the Lord's help-lending arm,
Broken is the Moslem charm,
And destroy'd Christ's fellest foe.
Greeks, we've gain'd the glorious crown,
Everlasting our renown.

9.

With their native swords and ranks,
Unassisted by the Franks,
Now for freedom fight the Greeks:
Nations in amaze behold
Hellas' sons like Greeks of old.

10.

Europe's noble children saw
With a sacred reverend awe
Their bold exploits, their daring feats;—
Every where the question 's heard,
Is the Grecian age restored?

11.

Greece, to thee they all award
Victory's crown thy due reward;
To thy conquering children send,
As a token of their love,
Chaplets, Europe's daughters wove.

ιβ'.

Πλέον δὲν εἶν' ἀμφιβολία
Ὅτι ἡ ἐλευθερία
Τῆς Γραικίας εἶν πλαςὴ
Εἶναι προςαγὴ Χριςοῦμας
Κι' ἀμετάτρες' εἶν αὐτή.

ιγ'.

Χαίρε ῥίζα τῆς ἀνδρείας
Καὶ πηγὴ πάσης σοφίας
Δὲν εἶν πλέον μυςικὴ
Ὅτι μέλλει νὰ θριαμβεύσῃ
Εἶναι γνώμη γενική.

ιδ'.

Καὶ τὰ τέκνασου μὲ βιάν
Ἔχωντας μὲ προθυμίαν
Δι' ἐσένα νὰ χαθοῦν,
Περὶ πίςιν καὶ πατρίδα
Τὴν ζωὴν τους δὲν ψηφοῦν.

ιέ.

Ὅλοι κράζουν ὁμοφώνως
Ὅτι τοῦτος εἶν ὁ χρόνος,
Καὶ φωνάζουν, ζήτω τρεῖς
Νὰ νικήσῃ τὸ μᾶς γένος
Πίςίς μας καὶ ἡ πατρίς.

Ἔφθασεν, κ. τ. λ.

12.

Hearken to what I proclaim,—
Slavery is but a name:
Let no doubt your spirits cloud;
Christ ordains that Greece be free,
Who withstands our Lord's decree?

13.

To the Cross success shall cling;
Hail thee, Hellas, sacred spring!
Hail thee, root of valour's bloom!
Ours is the glorious day,
Triumph sits on our array.

14.

Rolls the torrent's might along?
No,—it is the warlike throng,
Speeding to the camp of fame;
For their country, for their faith,
Prompt to lavish all their breath.

15.

Hark! the joyous chorus cry
Rends in unison the sky:
"Threefold is the bliss I seek,
For my country's weal I bleed,
For my native land, my creed!"

The slavish, &c.

NOTES.

Page 13. [A] This is an appellation of fondness in common use amongst the Greeks.

Page 83. [B] The parting injunction of the Spartan mothers to their sons when going to battle,—"to preserve their shield, or return stretched lifeless upon it."

THE END.

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